HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GENERAL SCOTT.

OLD VETERAN of threescore years and ten,
Hero of battles fought on Southern plains—
Like a tried charger fretting in the reins,
Thou comest to thy noble work again!
Gray-haired and scarred—inured to hardy toil,
With eye and brain clear as the eagle's are,
Now, once again, on thine own country's soil,
Thou lead'st thy country's legions to the war—
The war for God! for Right! for Liberty!
Thou art the idol of the people's heart;
We love thee—trust thee—hero as thou art,
And to the very end we'll follow thee.
We shall be Conquerors! and thy proud name shall rise,
In one full ringing shout of triumph to the skies.

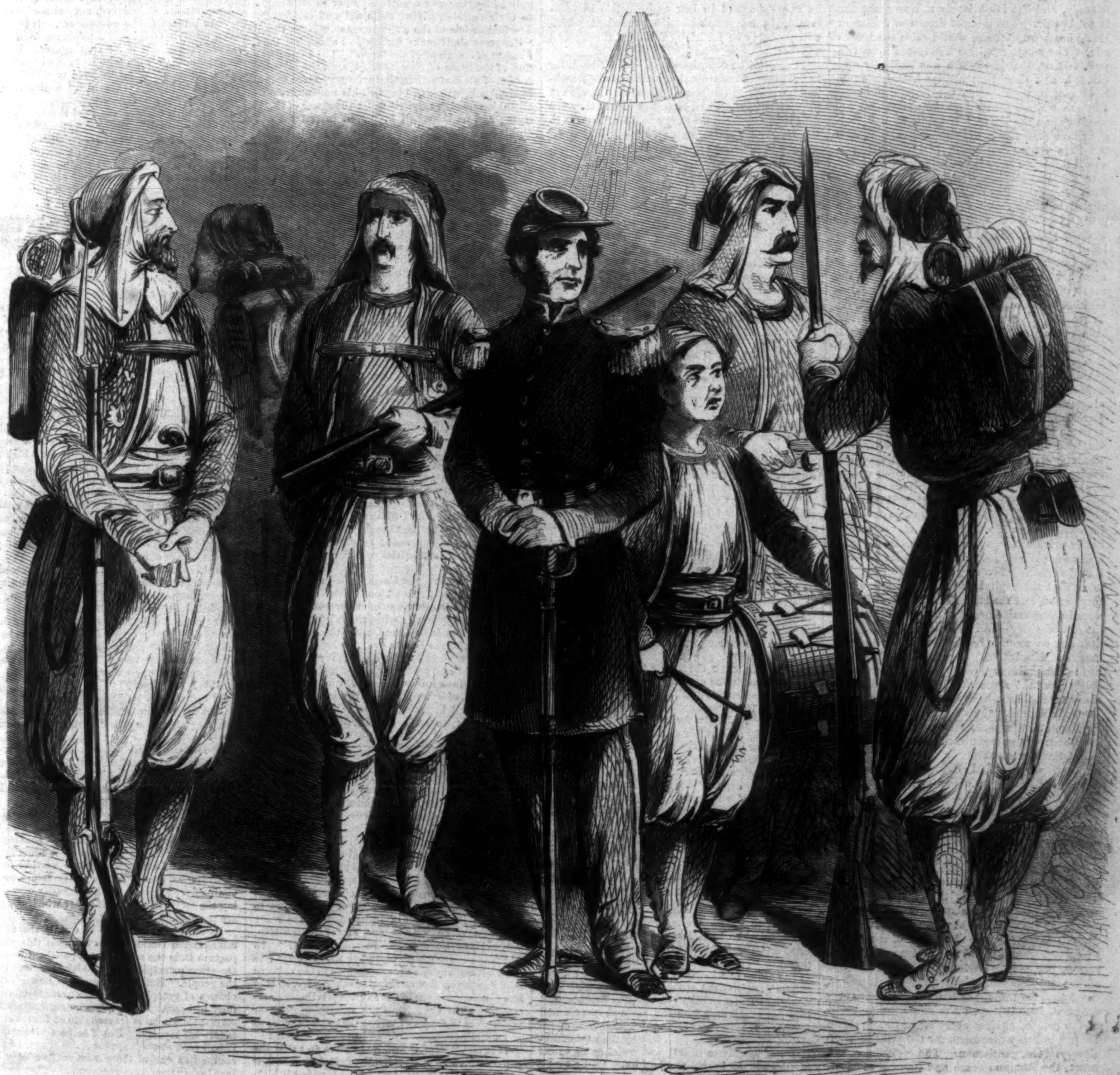
COLONEL DURYEE'S ZOUAVES.

WE publish herewith a fine picture of COLONEL DURYEE'S ZOUAVES, one of the new Volunteer Regiments raised in this city, and without doubt one of the most brilliant and best drilled regiments in the service. They embarked for Fortress Monroe last week, after spending a month in severe drill at Fort Schuyler, on the East River. We herewith supply a list of the officers of the Advance Guard:

Field Officers—Colonel, Abram Duryee; Lieutenant-Colonel, G. K. Warren; Major, I. M. Davies. *Staff Officers*—Quarter-master, J. H. Wells; Adjutant, J. E. Hamblin; Surgeon, R. G. Gilbert; Surgeon's Mate, B. E. Martin; Chaplain, Rev. G. Winslow. *Non-commissioned Staff*—Sergeant-Major, John Collins; Quarter-master-Sergeant, C. L. Isaacs. *Company A*—Captain, H. D. Hull; Lieutenant, W. P. Partridge; Ensign, ——. *Company B*—Captain, R. S. Dumont; Lieutenant, G. Carr; Ensign, T. S. Dumont. *Company C*—Captain, H. E. Davis, Jun.; Lieutenant, J. F. Evans; Ensign, C. H. Seaman. *Company D*—Captain, James P. Waugh; Lieutenant, W. F. Lewis; Ensign, J. A. Cochrane. *Company E*—Captain, H. Duryee; Lieutenant, George Duryee; Ensign, H. H. Burnett. *Company F*—Captain, H. A. Swartout; Lieutenant, O. Wetmore, Jun.; Ensign, C. Boyd. *Company G*—Captain, A. Denike; Lieutenant, J. Duryee; Ensign, J. Bradley. *Company H*—Captain, J. Kilpatrick; Lieutenant, C. Cambrelling; Ensign, Jas. Miller. *Company I*—Captain, Chas. G. Bartlett; Lieutenant, J. S. York; Ensign, J. H. Whitney. *Company K*—Captain, C. Winslow; Lieutenant, W. H. Hoyt; Ensign, Wm. Ferguson.

A letter from Fort Monroe thus describes their arrival at that point:

> "At an early hour the steamer *Alabama*, with the New York Zouaves, Colonel Duryee, came to an anchor in the Roads, and was received by rousing cheers from the crew of the *Minnesota*, who had manned the yards to greet the new arrival. The *Minnesota* and the other ships in the harbor dipped their flags, which was acknowledged by a like proceeding on the *Alabama*, with loud cheers and tigers from the New York boys, and music by the band.
>
> "After the officers had come ashore to report their arrival and receive instructions as to their camp-ground, they returned, and in a short time the steamtug *Yankee* ran alongside of the steamer and transferred the regiment to the shore, landing them near the camp of the Second New York Volunteers, which is on the main land, a mile and a half from the fort. Colonel Duryee's Zouaves were under arms twice within an hour after their landing."



UNIFORMS OF THE FIFTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, COLONEL DURYEE, NOW AT FORTRESS MONROE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861.

ENGLAND AND THE REBELLION.

SINCE speaking, last week, of England as an ally, the news of the proclamation has arrived. The English Government warns all subjects not to take sides in the war at their peril, and not to try to break a blockade actually established. It also forbids the selling of arms to either party. How a friendly power can justify this conduct it is not easy to say. If the United States Government had ordered the citizens not to sell arms to Englishmen, nor carry them in American ships—had, in fact, declared its absolute neutrality between England and the Sepoys in their late rebellion, the English Government might have justly called it an unfriendly act.

The rebellion in this country has not half the excuse that the Sepoys had. The Indian soldiers were at least standing upon their own soil, and opposing a foreign race which had vanquished them by arms. It was a blind stroke for the independence of their nationality. But the Davis rebellion is the resistance of a faction of citizens against the government of all; and the liberty for which they claim that they are fighting means baldly and only the liberty of holding other people in slavery.

That England should recognize such a rebellion for such a cause is, as we said last week, incredible. And she has not done it. Acting upon imperfect knowledge she has told her subjects to keep hands off. She is not positively friendly, and she is obviously unwise; but she is not hostile. The dearest dream of Jefferson Davis has been that she would raise the blockade. The whole rebellion has rested upon two points: first, that the North was cowardly and divided, and then that England, which must have cotton, would open the Southern ports. But the traitors forgot how much the one depended upon the other. If England had seen the Slave States united in the movement, and the Free States hesitating and divided, she would doubtless have taken some more decided action. But she has seen just in time, in the Free States, an enthusiastic unanimity unparalleled in history—all the vast resources of a great, intelligent, skillful, industrious, and wealthy people, she has seen heaped and lavished in the measures of defense against this conspiracy. The full influence of this spectacle upon her action we have not yet seen. But the result of the suspicion of it is shown in her declaration that she will not break the blockade. When she understands, as she will from Mr. Adams and the history of recent events, exactly what the character and chances of the rebellion are, she will hardly be so nervous about taking sides.

Her hesitation, we ought to remember, is not altogether unnatural. Our late minister in England probably neither understood the difficulty at home nor sympathized with the Government. England saw a great conspiracy — an empty treasury—the army and navy crumbling—Congress paralyzed and foolishly alienating sympathy by the Morrill tariff—the Border States longing to go—the States that had elected the President hesitating and divided. The moneyed interest of New York city was represented to her in private letters and by the public performances of "W. H. Russell, LL.D., Barrister at Law," as secretly favoring the insurrection. She knew that the capital of the nation was sorely threatened, and that the President and Cabinet were in personal danger of capture. England thought she saw—and ought we to be surprised that she so thought?—all the signs of speedy national dissolution. Lord Palmerston, the head of the ministry, frankly said so. She felt obliged to take some action, and she did precisely what might have been expected, acting, as she did, under the convictions which Lord Palmerston expressed, tempered as they must have been by the magnificent spectacle of a national Samson awaking, in full strength, from slumber, which Lord Palmerston could not have failed to see, but without yet comprehending.

Had a great statesman been in power we should have seen another sight. The British empire, whose great tradition and strength is constitutional liberty, and which is pledged irretrievably against human slavery, would have waited until she was fully informed by our Government of the nature of the rebellion and its own purposes. Then admitting the rebellious agents, as individuals, she would have said to them: "England is the fast friend of the United States Government, and in obedience to her instincts, her national principle, and the interest of her subjects most intimately concerned in the American trade, she will support that Government, founded upon the constitutional will of the people, against every effort to substitute for it a military despotism for the protection of slavery. Go, gentlemen. The conscience, the heart, the common sense and interest of civilization and humanity are against you. You hope to lead us by cotton—but cotton is more certainly secured to us by our cordial alliance with the Government we have so long known, and whose flag in this contest is the flag of popular liberty regulated by law—the flag of the principles which England has always defended."

She has not yet done that—but she will do it. Meanwhile, although the rebellion will be comforted that she has not entirely turned her back, yet by her respecting the blockade the second and last great hope of treason disappears.

OUR SOUTHERN PICTURES.

THERE is now no communication, either by mail or by express, with the rebel States, and our friends in that section can not get *Harper's Weekly* if they would. But for this, our respectful sympathies would have been at the service of those old readers who have lately been deprived of this sheet by zealous Vigilance Committees and State Governors.

In the last number of this journal we published the only portraits ever printed of the Confederate Cabinet; the only good view ever given of Montgomery and of the White House there; besides a number of other Southern scenes. In this number we give a splendid birds-eye view of part of the Southern States. Even assuming that our Southern friends don't care about seeing pictures of the Northern people and their military doings, it must surely be a privation to be debarred from enjoying illustrations of their own side in the war.

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S refusal to surrender fugitive slaves to their masters, on the ground that they are "contraband of war," appears to be equally sound in law and sensible in practice. He has established a precedent which will probably be faithfully followed throughout the war.

It can not be complained of by the South, for it rests upon the cardinal principle of the Breckinridge party at the last election, that slaves are property under United States law. If they are property, the fact that they can be of service to the enemy—like horses or carts—places them at once in the list of articles which are "contraband of war."

The practical effect of this decision will verify the prediction uttered in this journal when the war first broke out, namely, that, in one way or another, actual hostilities would prove fatal to the slave institution. The North has not sought this result. The officer who establishes the precedent was the Breckinridge candidate for Governor in Massachusetts. It is the secessionist politicians who have rendered its adoption unavoidable: if it is hard to bear, the South must look to them for compensation.

THE LOUNGER.

ELLSWORTH.

No man dies too soon whose name his country remembers with love and honor. Eighty-six years ago a young man went from Boston to Bunker Hill, and through the sharp battle of that summer day he cheered and consoled his fellow-soldiers fighting for liberty. As the troops slowly retired Joseph Warren fell, "the last in the trenches." Since that day no figure in our history is more beloved and inspiring. He seems to smile upon us brightly with the hope of liberty, and the words he often quoted are his fit epitaph: "It is sweet to die for your country."

As Warren died in the beginning of the struggle to obtain constitutional liberty, so dies Ellsworth at the opening of the war to maintain and perpetuate it. They both belong to those heroes whose death serves their country not less than their life. The shade of Warren led Massachusetts through the war: the memory of Ellsworth marshals New York to victory.

Those who knew the young Colonel of Zouaves feel how much the country has lost in his death. His unquestionable military genius would have soon made his name as conspicuous for good service as it was already for heroic energy and skill and sagacity. But his death also helps the good cause. For in his grave private feuds are buried. By his blood all patriot hearts are more closely sealed together. Remembering him, brave men will be braver, and the strong arm strike more strongly. War has many terrible aspects; but it also develops grand and noble qualities. And this is among them, that private griefs are hushed and lost in the common weal. While the mother's heart breaks for her dead boy, it beats with gratitude that his death gives life to his country.

AN AMIABLE FRIEND.

AN amiable friend in Kentucky writes to the Lounger to ask why he has become so sanguinary. He invites him to discuss the drama, and the fine arts, and the fashions, and the new novels, and promises to forgive him if he will only not allude to any thing in which the public is interested.

The nerves of the amiable Kentucky friend are doubtless delicate. But he must remember that it is not every man who can see a desperate and causeless rebellion strike at the foundations of society without being swept away by the wild enthusiasm of loyalty to liberty and social order which kindles all the hearts around him. While every family is sending off its sons and brothers to fight for their country against a murderous and ignoble enemy—while all business is suspended because time, money, and industry must be devoted to the same holy cause—while there is but one supreme and universal interest, and that the deepest and most sacred possible—nobody hereabouts has time to discuss the new fashions and the new novels.

Perhaps the amiable friend in Kentucky is not aware that there is a conspiracy against the peace of his country. Perhaps he has not heard that the flag of his country has been shot at and shot down by traitors. Perhaps he has yet to learn that the President of the United States has summoned an army of the people to see that the laws of the people are maintained. Perhaps he is ignorant that loyal citizens marching to defend their Government have been murdered. Perhaps he does not even know that there are States which are debating whether to be patriots or traitors. Perhaps he has not been informed that there are State Governors who think it marvelously inhuman that the beneficent and constitutional laws of the land shall be enforced at every cost, but a most proper and praiseworthy thing that those laws should be resisted and that Government destroyed. Perhaps he does not yet understand that the industrious, intelligent, law and liberty loving mass of the inhabitants of this country have taken up arms to cut down the crop of treason, and to destroy its seeds, and to settle once and forever the point that the United States are a nation and not a club—that they have a Government which is supreme, being ordained and constantly renewed by the people according to the Constitution they have adopted; and that this Government shall be implicitly obeyed every where in the land.

When the amiable friend in Kentucky shall have learned some of these facts, he may perhaps vaguely surmise why the Lounger does not devote himself exclusively to the discussion of the opera.

COVERT TREASON.

THE Constitution, in its third section, says that "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." The first article of the Amendments declares, that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." The Constitution of the State of New York says, in the eighth section of the first article, that "Every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press."

Any man may therefore say, in a newspaper or a speech, that he thinks the Government of the United States ought to permit itself to be outraged and destroyed; he may say that he thinks the vast loyal mass of the people ought to substitute the League of the Slave States for the Constitution of the United States; he may say that the present Government of the people of this country is "accidentally in power;" he may say that he hopes the traitors may subdue the faithful citizens of the land; he may call maintaining the laws of the country "coercion;" he may call the necessary measures for ferreting out traitors and suppressing rebellion "invasion of a State;" he may seek by every kind of falsehood and calumny and appeal to the baser passions to sow dissension among the friends of the Government to the end that its enemies may conquer, and yet he has not forfeited his claim to the protection of the very government and laws he seeks to destroy.

But it is always wise to make due allowance for human nature. The Constitution has from the beginning guaranteed this absolute right of free speech to every citizen of the United States, any State law to the contrary notwithstanding. But for all that Mr. Wendell Phillips has always been sensible enough not to try to exercise that right south of the city of Philadelphia, because although he had precisely the same constitutional right to say what he thought of Slavery that Mr. Jeff Davis had to say what he thought of it, yet he knew that his legal rights would be disdained both by the constituted authorities and the public sentiment.

When, therefore, the blood of the brave sons of the loyal States of this Union has flowed freely in defense of their Government, their national flag, and civil society itself; when the full horror of the war which has been forced upon the country by rebellious citizens bursts over the land, it will be the part of wisdom for those who have adhered to the rebels in every way which did not bring their own necks into immediate peril, who have given all the aid of sympathy, all the comfort which falsehood and incessant efforts to sow dissension could impart, to make due allowance for human nature.

MOBS.

WHILE every allowance is to be made for human nature, it is the clear duty of every loyal citizen to protect every other citizen in the expression of his opinion. That it differs radically from the general opinion, that it is notoriously expressed, not from any conviction, but from the most venomous party rancor that would willingly see the Government ruined, does not disturb the right of protection and the duty of protecting free speech.

Heretofore, when there has been complaint that it was dangerous in some parts of the country to quote the Declaration of Independence, the reply has been made with a fine air of indignation, "would you allow people to poison wells?" To which the answer is plain enough: if the mere free discussion of any question any where in the country is so dangerous to something or other, why, as that free discussion is one of the express privileges guaranteed by the Constitution, if something or other undertakes to deny or abridge that right it does so at its peril.

It is an interesting and instructive fact that the papers which now most loudly deprecate mob law are those which have most freely justified it hitherto, when somebody else was to be gored. A paper in the city of New York which encourages treason would feel sadly injured if it were served as it would heartily approve the serving of the *Liberator*, if that paper were published in Charleston. "Served it right," it would say; "what business has a man to put the peace of a neighborhood in peril?" Let it remember that that is precisely what would be said in its own case here and now.

The whirligig of Time is a very droll machine. When you excite a mob to attack a man who is merely exercising a lawful right, suppose you ask yourself, "How should I like to have a mob set upon me for doing what I have a right to do?"

Meanwhile it is one of the pleasantest evidences of the spirit of society in the loyal States that every symptom of riot, for any purpose, would be now more sternly and effectually repressed than ever. For the faithful citizens of this country are armed in defense of law and orderly government, and their lives will illustrate their loyalty; and when the people, by their blood and money, have re-established the National Government every where in the land, they will take good care that every right it guarantees shall be every where and forever respected. And the most sacred of those rights is that of free speech upon every question of public interest.

MORALS IN MACHINERY.

MANUAL machinery is valuable according to the intelligence of the operator, and nothing is more striking than the fact that immorality paralyzes machinery. The telegraph, for instance, trembles all day long with weighty news; but how if your weighty news proves to be utterly false? The telegraph is a delicate ear-trumpet that coils all over the land, but if the person who takes one end of it in California to whisper to Maine, breathes a lie into the tube, it may travel very quickly, but that is all. No, it is not all. That lie has tainted the tube. After that even truth exudes from it suspected.

This has become so true during the last few months that the old proverb is entirely reversed and reports are disbelieved, not believed, because they are printed in the newspapers. It is enough that a sensible man reads a telegram from Washington. He doubts it for that reason. It wants confirmation. A man who had been expecting or hoping for an office should have trembled to read his name as that of the lucky aspirant. The chances were against him.

Of course nothing could feed the fire of public fever more than this uncertainty. And when on the melancholy evening of the twelfth of April of this year the fatal news flashed into the city that hostilities had begun before Charleston, the instinct of every man was first to express his opinion of the fact; and then to doubt seriously whether it were a fact or not; and finally to wonder, if it were true at all, how much and in what way it was true. Every body felt that the hands which held the wires might manipulate the news as they chose. And thus the country was at the mercy of one man's impulses.

Well, we can not have any thing without paying the price for it. If we have telegraphs we must take the risk of not believing them, and of the abuse to which they may so readily be subjected. The moral of the matter is that we must reserve our judgments and our actions. If it be a ludicrous thing to believe a newspaper, how much more so is it to believe the telegraph from which the newspaper is so largely made!

PATRIOTISM AND PARTY.

THE present condition of the country enables us to make some essential and beneficial changes in the management of public affairs, for which times of peace would never have seemed to offer the fitting opportunity. Among the chief of these is the practical refutation of the fatal doctrine that *to the victors belong the spoils.* It was a doctrine unknown in the earlier days of our national history, and its expression showed how entirely the person who first said it was blinded to the character and peculiar dangers of our system.

In this stirring crisis it is well understood that there are but two parties—that of the country and its government, and that of the rebellion. One marshals its hosts under the stars and stripes; the other "wishes only to be let alone" under the rattlesnake. The present Administration has announced that its policy in appointments to office is not one of vengeance. It adds but one question to Jefferson's famous two: "Is he honest? Is he capable? *Is he loyal?*"

Of course, at a time when the number of office-seekers is beyond precedent, there must be terrible swearing at such a policy as this. The man who has worked hard for the incoming of the Administration to power, and against the old army of office-holders who worked hard for another party, grumbles bitterly that his opponent is retained in his office by the very power against which he devoted his time and efforts and money.

The reply to this is obvious enough. In the first place, since nothing is more dangerous to our permanent peace than this incessant shifting of office at every election, a stop to it must begin at some time. In the second place, no time could be so fitting as one in which party issues and discipline were forgotten in the necessity of maintaining the Government itself under which the parties are possible.

In the ordinary course of events the new Administration could not have made this wide departure from the usual custom, without imperiling the great principles upon which it was elected by the people. But Providence has now given us a chance of escaping the consequences of political folly hitherto. It is, indeed, easy enough for an office-holder who is treasonable at heart to profess loudly his loyalty. But if he be actively disloyal it will soon enough appear; and if not, he may be counted as one of those who will be very loudly loyal when treason is suppressed. The case is simply one of those risks which no general policy can possibly avoid. It would be almost worth the war if such a change could be established. Who would not breathe more freely, and with a deeper sense of security, if he knew that it was understood that, upon the close of an Administration which had not filled the myriad minor offices of the Government from purely partisan considerations, the officers would be removed only for cause? But this change in political habit is so essential that it ought to be prescribed by an amendment to the Constitution.

Let it not be counted among the least of the services which the present Administration may render to the country, that its policy has made this great change possible.

"ELIZABETTA SIRANI.—1665."

Two correspondents ask for some explanation of Owen Meredith's fine poem in the *Weekly* of April 13. Elizabetta Sirani was the daughter of a Bolognese painter. Before she had reached the age of twenty she had won a high reputation as a painter. She was equally celebrated for her beauty and her virtue. She died in November, 1665, in her 25th year. According to general belief she, like Domenichino, was poisoned by artists jealous of her rising fame. She was buried in the Chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary, close by the tomb of her great master, Guido Reni. A volume of tributes to her memory was published, one line of which reads: "I was a woman, yet I knew not love." Among her numerous pupils were her two sisters, Anne and Barbara. She left behind about 150 paintings, many of them large works. All this, and much more, is clearly told in the poem, as our correspondents will see upon reperusal.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GLADSTONE THE HUSBAND'S BEST FRIEND.

[*A Fond Couple are walking down Regent Street.*]

WIFE (*spell-bound outside a milliner's shop*). Do stop, Henry, there's a dear! I won't keep you a moment. I only just want to look at this beautiful bonnet.

HUSBAND (*impatiently*). No, Julia, I will not listen to it. Besides, I certainly agree with the Chancellor of the Exchequer that it is high time a stop was put to this "profligate expenditure."

[*Hurries her impetuously away.*

SONG BY MR. MERRIMAN.

AIR.—"*Hope told a flattering Tale.*"

As I was stealing geese,
  And fancied no one near,
Up came the unobserv'd police,
  And caught me by the ear.

I told my artless tale,
  Entreaty was in vain:
And so they took me off to jail:
  But here we are again!

THE WRONG WORD IN THE WRONG PLACE.—An evening contemporary informs us that there is "great excitement about the Match for the Championship that is on the *tapis*." From this last word, one would imagine that a prize-fight was fought in a drawing-room and not in an open field. Perhaps the *tapis* above mentioned means the *tapis vert*, in allusion to the gambling that takes place upon it, to say nothing of the stakes that are necessary for the formation of the ring before the little game can be opened; or does the *tapis vert* refer to the Turf, and the number of green blades that on such blackguard occasions are always to be found collected on it?

AN ENDLESS SERIES.—We see that a French book has been brought out called, "*La Bêtise Humaine.*" It is complete in one volume. This strikes us as a very narrow field for all the *bêtes* of the human race to gambol about in. We suppose the subject of "*La Bêtise Française*" is reserved for future volumes. If so, we are afraid that few of us will ever live to see the completion of the work.

ANIMAL ENJOYMENT.—An epicure recommends cucumber to be eaten with salmon, for the reason that it enlarges the pleasures of the palate, by enabling man to enjoy the delight of rumination.

"A SORDID EXISTENCE."—That led by King Damocles with the sword continually suspended over his head.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND SUCCESS.—When poor Edmund Kean was acting in barns to country bumpkins, barely finding bread for his wife and child, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. When Brougham presided in the House of Lords he was not a bit better or greater, than when he had hung about in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, a briefless and suspected junior barrister. When all London crowded to see the hippopotamus, he was just the animal that he was a couple of years later, when no one took the trouble of looking at him. And when George Stephenson died, amidst the applause and gratitude of all the intelligent men in Britain, he was the same man, maintaining the same principle, as when men of science and of law regarded as a mischievous lunatic the individual who declared that some day the railroad would be the king's highway, and mail-coaches would be drawn by steam.

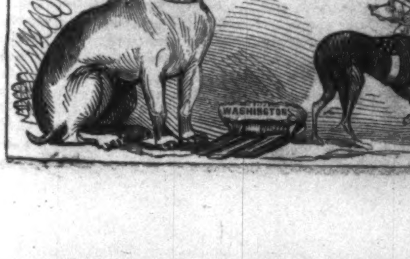
When a woman wishes to be very affectionate to her lover, she calls him a "naughty man."

Why is a miser like seasoned timber?—Because he never gives.

Censure is most effectual when mixed with praise. So when a fault is discovered it is well to look up a virtue to bear it company.

An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an *acre of land.*

CHEMICAL ODDITY.—While an ignorant lecturer was describing the nature of gas, a blue-stocking lady inquired of a gentleman near her, what was the difference between oxygin and hydrogin? "Very little, madam," said he; "by oxygin we mean pure gin, and by hydrogin, gin and water."


WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT!
SCOTT
WASHINGTON

HOW TO ENJOY A VENISON FEAST.—At a venison feast, Sir Joshua Reynolds addressed his conversation to one of the company who sat next to him, but, to his great surprise, could not get a single word in answer, until at length his silent neighbor, turning to him, said, "Sir Joshua, whenever you are at a venison feast, I advise you not to speak during dinner-time, as in endeavoring to answer your questions I have just swallowed a fine piece of fat without tasting its flavor."

"You carry your head rather high," as the owl said to the giraffe when he poked his nose into the belfry.

A NIGHT'S REST.—Captain Wilbraham, when at a village in Armenia, was crowded into a stable for the night which resembled Noah's ark. Children were squalling the whole night through, and two young buffaloes walked over the captain in the dark! We had such a night of disquiet, a few years since, upon a walk across Hampshire. The village inn was "full," and we were compelled to seek rest in a cottage, where our bedroom partition was only two-thirds of the entire height of the apartment: our neighbor snored most lustily, a child in the house had the whooping-cough, and the father rose at day-break, and killed a pig just under our window!

"Will you please to permit a lady to occupy this seat?" said a gentleman to another, the other day in a railroad carriage. "Is she an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the gentleman who was invited to "vacate." "She is," replied he who was standing. "Well, then, let her take the benefit of her doctrine, and stand up."

Curious answers often come out in examination for the Civil Service. The word "inheritance" occurring in a page of reading, the examiner interrogated the youngster: "What is inheritance?"—"Patrimony."—"What is patrimony?"—"Something left by a father."—"What would you call it, if left by a mother?"—"Matrimony."

We find in a provincial paper an account of two culprits who escaped from the custody of the sheriff, and hid themselves in a gun. They should, when found, have been discharged at once.

When Mr. White looks black, does he change color?

INK, BLOOD, AND TEARS.

(THE TAKING OF FORT SUMTER.)

(*From Punch.*)

A FORTY hours' bombardment! Great guns throwing
  Their iron hail: shells their mad mines exploding:
Furnaces lighted: shot at red-heat glowing:
  Shore-batt'ries and fort-armament, firing, loading—
War's visible hell let loose for forty hours,
And all her devils free to use their powers—
And yet not one man hit, her flag when Sumter lowers.

"Oh, here's a theme!" quoth *Punch*, of brag abhorrent,
  "'Twixt promise and performance rare proportion!
This show-cloth, of live lions, giving warrant,
  Masking some mangy, stunted, stuffed abortion:
These gorgeous covers hiding empty dishes,
These whale-like antics among little fishes—
Here is the very stuff to meet my dearest wishes.

"What ringing of each change on brag and bluster!
  These figures huge of speech, summed in a zero:
This war-march, ushering in *Bombastes'* muster:
  This entry of *Tom Thumb*, armed like a hero.
Of all great cries e'er raised o'er little wool,
Of all big bubbles by fools' breath filled full,
Sure here's the greatest yet, and emptiest, for John Bull!

"John always thought Jonathan, his young brother,
  A little of a bully; said he swaggered:
But in all change of chaff with one another,
  Nor John nor Jonathan was e'er called 'laggard.'
But now, if John mayn't Jonathan style 'coward,'
He *may* hint Stripes and Stars were better lowered
From that tall height to which, till now, their flag-staff
    towered."

Punch nibbed his pen, all jubilant, for galling—
  When suddenly a weight weighed down the feather,
And a red liquid, drop by drop, slow falling,
  Came from the nib; and the drops rolled together,
And steamed and smoked and sung—"Not ink, but blood;
Drops now, but soon to swell into a flood,
Perchance o'er Summer's leaf has burst Spring's guarding
    bud.

"Blood by a brother's hand drawn from a brother—
  And they by whom 'tis ta'en, by whom 'tis given,
Are both the children of an English mother;
  Once with that mother, in her wrath, they've striven:
Was't not enough, that parricidal jar,
But they must now meet in fraternal war?
If such strife draw no blood shall England scoff therefore?

"If she will laugh, through thee, her chartered wit,
  Use thou no ink wherewith to pen thy scoff:
We'll find a liquor for thy pen more fit—
  We blood-drops—see how smartly thou'lt round off
Point, pun, and paragraph in this new way:
Till men shall read and laugh, and, laughing, say,
'Well thrust! *Punch* is in vein: 'tis his red-letter day.'"

The weight sat on my quill: I could not write;
  The red drops clustered to my pen—in vain;
I had my theme—"Brothers that meet in fight,
  Yet shed no blood!"—my jesting mood turned pain.
I thought of all that civil love endears,
That civil strife breaks up and rends and sears,
And lo! the blood-drops in my pen were changed to tears!

And for the hoarse tongues that those bloody gouts
  Had found, or seemed to find, upon my ears
Came up a gentle song in linkèd bouts,
  Of long-drawn sweetness—pity breathed through tears.

And thus they sang—"'Twas not by chance,
  Still less by fraud or fear,
That Sumter's battle came and closed,
  Nor cost the world a tear.
'Twas not that Northern hearts were weak,
  Or Southern courage cold,
That shell and shot fell harming not
  A man on shore or hold.

"It was that all their ghosts who lived
  To love the realm they made,
Came fleeting so athwart the fire,
  That shot and shell were staid.
Washington with his sad still face,
  Franklin with silver hair,
Lincoln and Putnam, Allen, Gates,
  And gallant Wayne were there.

"With those who rose at Boston,
  At Philadelphia met;
Whose grave eyes saw the Union's seal
  To their first charter set.
Adams, and Jay, and Henry,
  Rutledge and Randolph, too—
And many a name their country's fame
  Hath sealed brave, wise, and true.

"An awful host—above the coast,
  About the fort, they hung;
Sad faces pale, too proud to wail,
  But with sore anguish wrung.
And Faith and Truth, and Love and Ruth,
  Hovered the battle o'er,
Hind'ring the shot, that freight of death
  Between those brothers bore.

"And thus it happed, by God's good grace,
  And those good spirits' band,
That Death forebore the leaguer'd place,
  The battery-guarded strand.
Thanks unto Heaven on bended knee,
  Not scoff from mocking scorn,
Befits us, that to bloodless end
  A strife like this is borne!"

THE CAUTIOUS HUSBAND.

As through the town the mourners went
  To bury Jonah's wife,
The coffin struck a corner-stone
  And brought her back to life—
And then poor Jonah's days again
  Were filled with ceaseless strife.

But years flew by—again she died—
  They came to lay her low;
"My friends," the weeping husband cried,
  His face the type of woe—
"*Be very careful how you turn*
  The corners as you go!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE OCCUPATION OF VIRGINIA.

ELSEWHERE will be found an illustration of the armed occupation of Arlington Heights and Alexandria by the Federal forces. The Federal troops now lining the heights of the Potomac, on the Virginia side, are actively engaged in throwing up earth-works and fortifying their position. A reconnoissance made on Monday from Alexandria in the direction of Fairfax Court House, resulted in the discovery of a body of secessionist cavalry drawn up in line. Two of their picket-guard were captured and sent to Washington. They confirm the report that a force of 700 rebel infantry had advanced within a few miles of Alexandria on Saturday.

AFFAIRS AT NORFOLK AND FORTRESS MONROE.

General Butler is at Fortress Monroe, and will probably move on Norfolk as soon as he has the requisite force. Three fugitive slaves, belonging to Colonel Mallory, commander of the rebel forces near Hampton, were brought to the Fort by the Federal picket-guard, while attempting to escape to avoid being sent further South. A flag of truce was sent in, with a demand for the surrender of the slaves *under the Fugitive Slave Law*, but General Butler informed the messenger that he considered the slaves contraband of war, and should retain them until Colonel Mallory visited the Fort and swore to support the laws of the United States.

THE REBELS AT HARPER'S FERRY.

The rebel forces at Harper's Ferry are actively occupied throwing out men on the Maryland heights. On Monday a force of 300 Virginians, with some light artillery and howitzers, were distributed along the country roads for about a mile north of the ferry leading to Sharpsburg and Boonesborough. Outpost guards, however, were thrown out considerably farther. General Johnston commanded these movements in person. Twenty-two additional guns arrived there from Winchester on Saturday. Intelligence received confirms the report that there are 10,000 men at Richmond, under General Lee, and 12,000 at Fredericksburg, under General Ruggles. Mr. Davis and General Beauregard were expected at Richmond.

POSITION OF AFFAIRS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Our dates from Cairo are to the 23d. The building of fortifications was still going on, and several heavy thirty-two pound cannon had just arrived, and a number of rifled guns were soon expected. The Engineer-in-Chief of the camp had visited Bird's Point, across the river in Missouri. The point would be occupied by Government forces when it was necessary; but at present there is no fear of its being taken possession of by the rebels.

There are 4500 rebel troops at Fort Wright, near Memphis, Tennessee, and 6000 at Fort Hawks, six miles from Memphis. At Mound City, Arkansas, there are 1500, and at Courant, Mississippi, 1800. They are poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly armed, and poorly paid.

Ten companies of rebel troops left New Orleans on the 20th, for Fort Smith, Arkansas.

THE REBEL FORCES IN TENNESSEE.

An order, issued by General Pillow, commanding the secession forces in Tennessee, directs all the volunteers in the State to rendezvous at Jackson, Madison County, in that State, for immediate service. Jackson is a great railroad centre, and one of the roads leads direct from that place to Columbus, Kentucky, which is only twenty miles below Cairo.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

By a compact entered into between General Harney, of the Federal army, and General Price, commanding the State militia, the latter forces, comprising 4000 men, were to disband and go to their homes. But the St. Louis *Democrat* of the 24th says: "Reports from Jefferson City of that date state that the Missouri troops organized under the requisition of Governor Jackson had refused to disband, according to the terms of agreement between General Harney and General Price. It is alleged that great dissatisfaction is expressed by the secessionists at the arrangements alluded to." The same paper states that considerable excitement prevails at Jefferson City in consequence of the discovery of an attempt to poison the Federal troops, by putting arsenic in the flour from which their bread is made. It appears that a Union man is baker to the troops, and a secessionist, in order to effect his destruction, had made an arrangement with a negress to poison the bread. She informed against him, and spies were placed so as to overhear the conversation between him and the woman, when he was arrested and placed in jail. A proposition was made to hang him, but it was overruled.

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS AT FORT PICKENS.

By the arrival of the transport steamer *Philadelphia* we have advices from Pensacola to the 13th and Key West to the 19th of May. The blockade at Pensacola is effectual. All vessels with food and supplies for the Confederate forces under General Bragg are cut off by sea. They were constructing a railroad so as to evade the blockade, which was to have been completed about the 15th. It is stated by one of the passengers on the *Philadelphia* that one of the Confederate States officers was heard to say that General Bragg would not be ready to attack Fort Pickens until the 25th of June, and it was generally believed that he would abandon the attack and march North with his besieging army. They are reported as being poorly equipped, and with only a portion of their batteries mounted. The heavy guns not having arrived before the blockade, they can not get them until the railroad is completed.

SOUTHERN PRIVATEERS AT WORK.

Jeff Davis's privateers are reported as already at work on the Atlantic coast, as well as in the Gulf of Mexico. The brig *Elisha Doane*, which arrived at Boston yesterday from Sattillo River, Georgia, reports having been captured by a privateer schooner and taken to Brunswick. She was, however, released by order of Governor Brown, for some reason not stated. The Captain of the *Doane* reports that the schooner *Hume* had been seized and confiscated as a prize.

SOUTHERN VESSELS SEIZED.

The *Niagara* and *Huntsville* have taken several prizes and sent them North, and the United States fleet at Key West have taken other prizes. A Northern vessel has been taken by the rebels at Apalachicola, Florida, and it is reported that they have hanged her captain. The newly appointed Admiralty Judge and District Attorney of the Confederate States arrived at Key West for the purpose of organizing their Court, but finding the place so thoroughly loyal to the United States, they did not attempt it, but made a precipitate retreat from the city.

STOPPAGE OF THE MAILS.

The Postmaster-General has completed the isolation of the seceding States by forbidding the transmission of all mail matter, either coastwise, by river, or by land route, to each and every one of the rebellious States. Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee are exempt from this proscription.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

The Treasury Department, immediately after the opening of the proposals on 25th, commenced informing the successful bidders of the result. The Secretary accepted all for the bonds placed at 85 and upward, and awarded the remainder to the bidders for the Treasury notes at or above par. There were awarded of the bonds $6,753,000, and of the Treasury notes $2,241,000.

ARMS FROM BALTIMORE.

The War Department was on 27th offered a battalion and battery of four 12-pounders by a gentleman from Baltimore. They will probably be accepted.

NEGRO INSURRECTION IN ARKANSAS.

A negro insurrection was recently discovered in Des Arc, Arkansas. The punishment of the offenders was summary and severe. One white man and three negroes were hung, three more negroes banished, and a number of others were severely whipped.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS IN KENTUCKY.

The Legislature of Kentucky adjourned on the 24th. By laws just enacted the Courts of the State are suspended until the 1st of January next, and the banks are allowed to suspend specie payments.

WHY THE KENTUCKY LEGISLATURE PASSED NO ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* tells the following incident, which recently transpired in the Kentucky Legislature:

A venerable old farmer from a neighboring county, one of that kind for whom Kentucky has an instinctive veneration, appeared in the Legislative Hall, uncovered his snowy locks, and sat down. At the first lull in the debate he rose slowly and said he had a word to say, but was aware it was out of order for him to speak before the Legislature while in session. His dignified and venerable appearance arrested attention, and "Go on!" "Go on!" from several voices, seemed to keep him on his feet. Again expressing his diffidence at speaking out of propriety, "Hear! hear!" resounded generally over the room. The members' curiosity as well as respect for the appearance and manner of the man was up, and silence followed the "Hear! hear!" when the old hero delivered the following eloquent but laconic speech:

"Gentlemen,—I am delegated by my county to inform you, that if you hold a Secret Session here, as you threaten to do, not one stone of this Capitol will rest upon another twenty-four hours after—Good day," and he left.

AN IMMENSE GUN FOR FORTRESS MONROE.

An enormous rifle cannon is just being finished at Pittsburg for Fortress Monroe. The length of the gun is 16 feet, length of bore 14 feet, diameter of bore 12 inches, diameter of the gun at the breech 48 inches, diameter at the muzzle 25 inches. The ball will be 12 inches in diameter and the weight about 600 pounds. The rough casting of the gun weighs 78,000 pounds; finished, it will weigh 50,000 pounds. The chamber has 21 grooves.

MEAN TRICK OF A SECESSIONIST.

An officer who recently resigned from the *Mississippi* steam-frigate, while stationed at the Charlestown Navy-yard superintended some repairs made to her machinery, and while so engaged sawed out about two inches of her delivery-pipe, and replaced it with gum and canvas. The *Mississippi* went to sea last week, but had proceeded but a short distance when the pipe gave way, and a large quantity of water was discharged into the vessel. The engines were immediately stopped, the break was temporarily repaired, and the ship returned to the Navy-yard.

PERSONAL.

Colonel John C. Frémont has been appointed a Major-General.

The friends of Mr. Douglas in Washington are in receipt of late news from Chicago, justifying the hope that he will speedily be restored to his usual good health.

Several Fire Zouaves captured, three miles from Alexandria, a man having in his possession a secession flag. They made him carry it on a pole to the Marshall House, where Colonel Ellsworth was so basely assassinated, and then trample it under foot.

Lieutenant Slemmer and his late command, of Fort Pickens, arrived at this port last week, on board of the steam-transport *Philadelphia*, which brought also twelve mechanics and twelve women and children.

George N. Sanders has become a suspicious character in Montgomery, Alabama. The Montgomery *Advertiser* hints that if it were not for the protection which is thrown around him by high officials he would receive an invitation to leave.

Governor Sprague has temporarily left his Rhode Island Regiment, being compelled to return to his official duties at home.

Mr. John J. Cisco, Sub-Treasurer in this city, has been requested by the President to withdraw his letter of resignation, and continue to fill the office, the duties of which he has so ably discharged during the last eight years.

Henry T. Dixon is appointed Collector of Alexandria. He was the only Republican voter in Fauquier County last fall, commanded the clay Guard here after Mr. Clay left, and is a thoroughly trust-worthy Union man.

The three divisions of the Confederate army will be commanded as follows: Richmond, Jeff Davis; Norfolk, General Beauregard; Harper's Ferry, General Joseph E. Johnston.

Colonel Wilcox, of the Michigan Regiment, in command at Alexandria, graduated at West Point in 1847; served in the Mexican war; continued in active service until two or three years since, and re-entered when the country called.

Governor Banks will be tendered a Brigadier-Generalship, and then be detailed to the Bureau of the Quartermaster-General. This is regarded by the President and the high officers of the army as one of the most important positions connected with the service. Governor Banks's pure character and great ability will commend this selection to the country as one most happily and admirably made.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN'S PROCLAMATION.

THE proclamation of the Queen has been issued by the Privy Council at Whitehall, warning all British subjects from interfering, at their peril, with either party in the American conflict, or giving aid and comfort in any way, by personal service and supplying munitions of war, to either party. The proclamation announces it as the intention of the British Government to preserve the strictest neutrality in the contest between the Government of the United States and the Government of those States calling themselves the Confederate States of America.

ENGLISH SHIPS FITTING OUT AS PRIVATEERS.

The London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* states most positively that many of Jeff Davis's piratical letters of marque have been taken in London and Liverpool, by Spanish houses, and that iron steamers have been fitted out for the purpose of preying on the merchant service of the North. This correspondent asserts that the matter is regarded as so serious in England that large numbers of American ships have changed hands at ruinous prices, and that merchants refuse to ship their goods in such vessels.

NEW STEAM LINES TO SOUTHERN PORTS.

The British and American Southern Steamship Company advertise that their first vessel for New Orleans direct—the *Malacca*—will leave Liverpool on 7th August, to be followed on the 4th September by the *Rangoon*, and thereafter every alternate Wednesday by screw steamers now being built.

FRANCE.

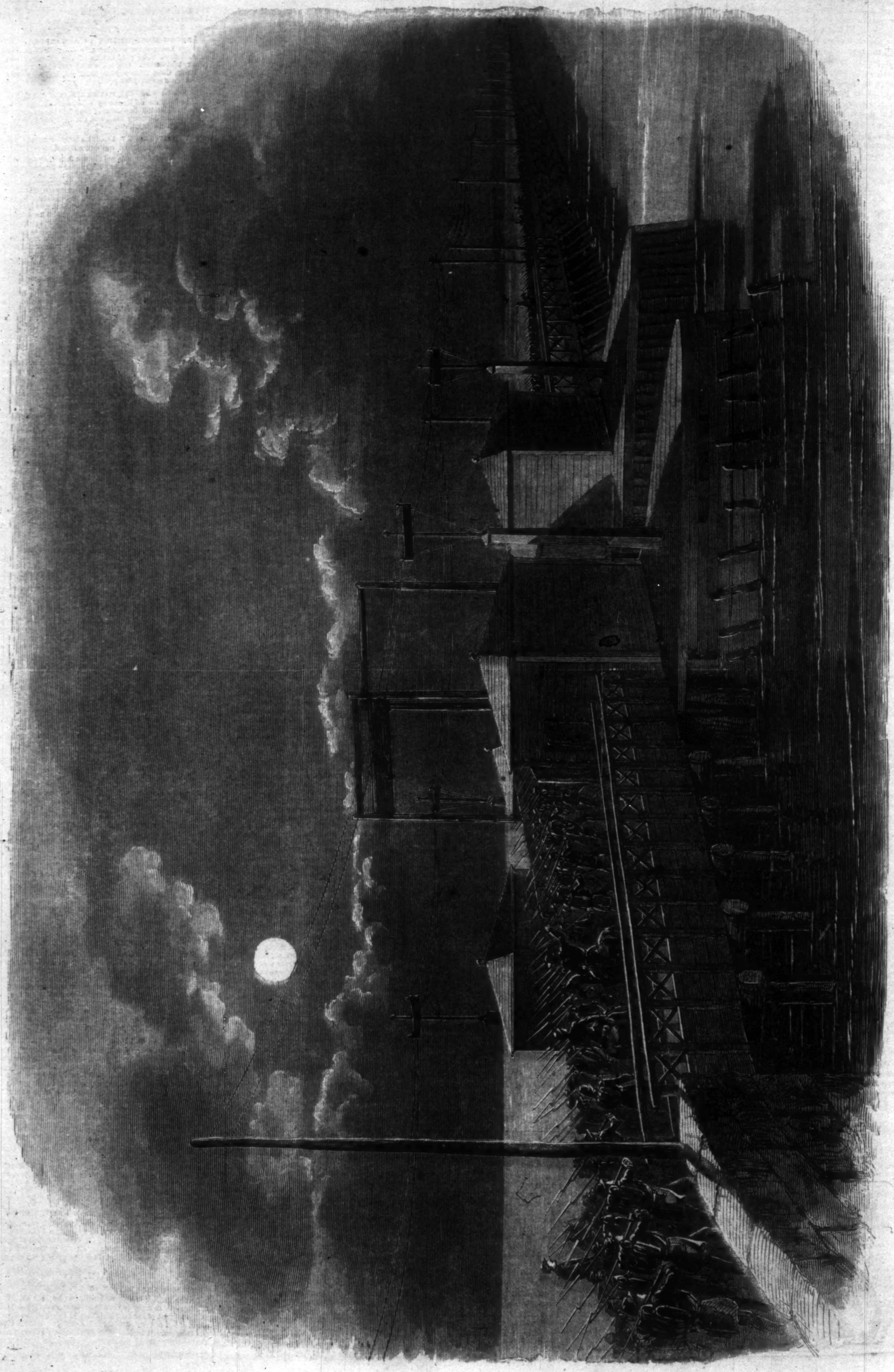
SECESSION FLAGS NOT RECOGNIZED.

Secession flags do not find favor in French ports. The ship *Matilda*, from Charleston, flying the Palmetto, attempted to enter the harbor of Havre on the 29th of April, but was not allowed to do so, until she hauled down the rebel abortion, and hoisted in its place the "Stars and Stripes."

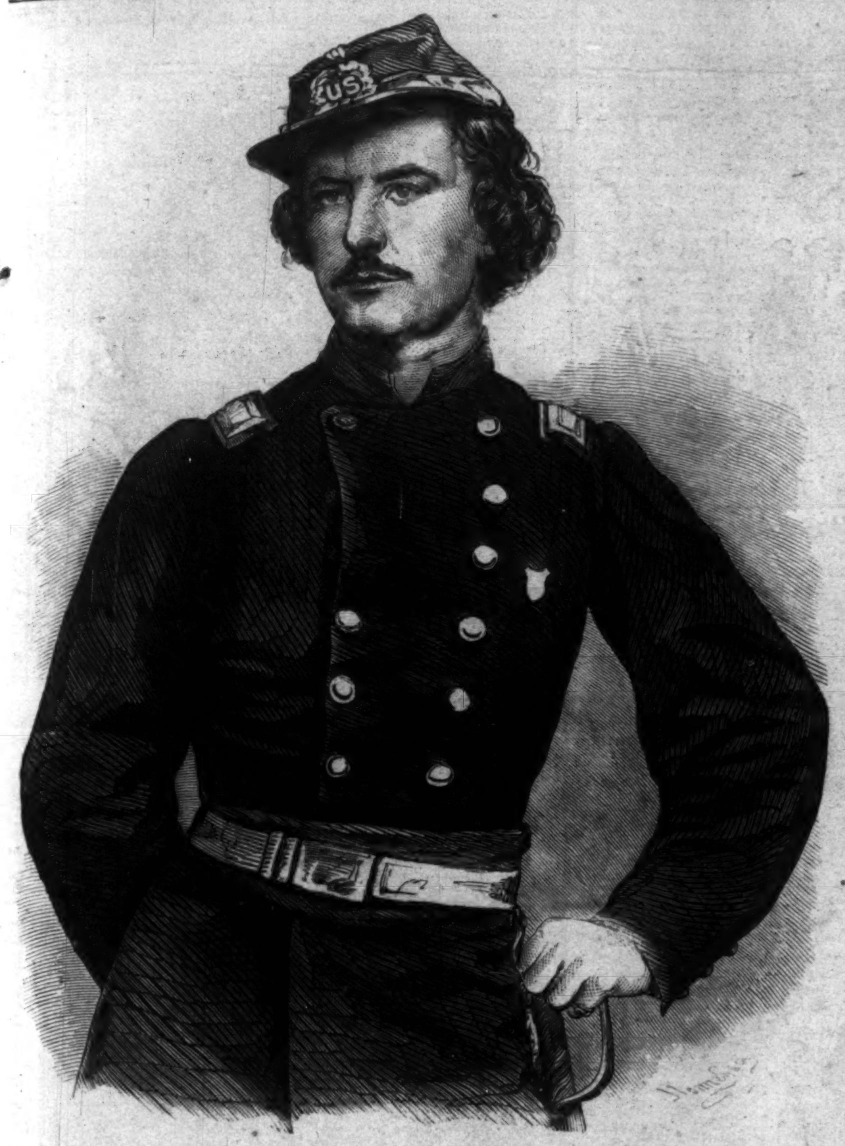
SPAIN.

THE ANNEXATION OF ST. DOMINGO.

In the British House of Lords, on the 14th ult., Lord Wodehouse, in reply to Lord Brougham, stated that Spain, at the request of the inhabitants, had accepted the annexation of the eastern portion of St. Domingo; but the Spanish Government had assured Her Majesty's Government that slavery should not be re-established in that portion of the island.



THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES CROSSING THE LONG BRIDGE OVER THE POTOMAC, AT 2 A.M. ON MAY 24, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



THE LATE COLONEL ELLSWORTH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ELLSWORTH.

A BATTLE HYMN FOR ELLSWORTH'S ZOUAVES.

AIR—"Bruce's Address to his Army."

Who is this ye say is slain?
Whose voice answers not again?
Ellsworth, shall we call in vain
    On thy name to-day?
No! from every vale and hill
One response all hearts shall thrill:
"Ellsworth's fame is with us still,
    Ne'er to pass away!"

Bring that rebel banner low,
Hoisted by a treacherous foe:
'Twas for that they dealt the blow,
    Laid him in the dust.
Raise aloft, that all may see,
His loved flag of liberty.
Forward, then, to victory,
    Or perish if we must!

Hark to what Columbia saith:
"Mourn not for his early death;
With each patriot's dying breath
    Strength renewed is given
To the cause of truth and right,
To the land for which they fight.
After darkness cometh light,
    Such the law of Heaven."

So we name him not in vain,
Though he comes not back again!
For his country he was slain;
    Ellsworth's blood shall rise
To our gracious Saviour-King—
'Tis a holy gift we bring;
Such a sacred offering
    God will not despise.

THE MURDER OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH.

WE publish herewith a Portrait of THE LATE COLONEL ELLSWORTH, and another of PRIVATE BROWNELL, who avenged his murder; and on next page Illustrations of the CAMP OF THE ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES at Washington.

The following sketch of Colonel Ellsworth's life is by his friend, Mr. Duncan:

"Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth was born at Mechanicsville, New York State, and was, at his death, between twenty-three and twenty-four years old. He received at Mechanicsville a common school education, and came to this city about nine years since. He was engaged in business here for about four years, and then went to Chicago. While here, all his time, when not in business, was spent in studying, preparing himself to enter West Point. He made many endeavors to secure a cadetship at West Point, but, being without influential friends, was unable to do so. After being compelled to relinquish his pet project of going to West Point, he went to Chicago, and there formed his celebrated company of Chicago Zouaves. His parents are now both living at Mechanicsville, in this State. His younger brother, a young man of great promise, died at Chicago at the time when his Zouaves first started for this city, and his remains were brought on and interred at Mechanicsville by Colonel Ellsworth. Colonel Ellsworth was the only remaining son of his parents. Mechanicsville is a small town on the Hudson River, twelve miles above Troy, in Saratoga county."

The following "last words" of Colonel Ellsworth were read in one of the churches on Sunday. It was written on the eve of the march to Virginia:

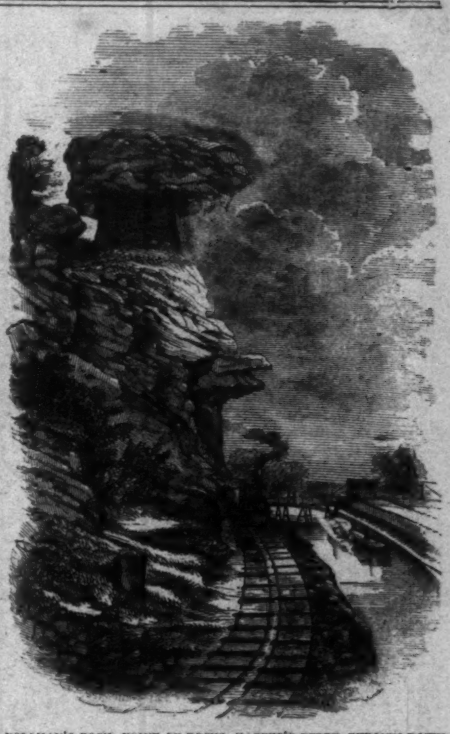
"HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST ZOUAVES,
CAMP LINCOLN, WASHINGTON, *May* 23, 1861.

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—The regiment is ordered to move across the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed a large force has arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me. My darling and ever-loved parents, good-by. God bless, protect, and care for you. ELMER."

The following account of Colonel Ellsworth's murder is from the pen of Mr. House, the *Tribune* correspondent, who actually had his hand on Colonel Ellsworth's shoulder when Jackson shot him:

"On entering the open door, the Colonel met a man in his shirt and trowsers, of whom he demanded what sort of a flag it was that hung above the roof. The stranger, who seemed greatly alarmed, declared he knew nothing of it, and that he was only a boarder there. Without questioning him further the Colonel sprang up stairs, and we all followed to the topmost story, whence, by means of a ladder, he clambered to the roof, cut down the flag with Winser's knife, and brought it from its staff. There were two men in bed in the garret whom we had not observed at all when we entered, their position being somewhat concealed, but who now rose in great apparent amazement, although I observed that they were more than half dressed. We at once turned to descend, Private Brownell leading the way, and Colonel Ellsworth immediately following him with the flag. As Brownell reached the first landing-place, or entry, after a descent of some dozen steps, a man jumped from a dark passage, and hardly noticing the private, leveled a double-barreled gun square at the Colonel's breast. Brownell made a quick pass to turn the weapon aside, but the fellow's hand was firm, and he discharged one barrel straight to its aim, the slugs or buckshot with which it was loaded entering the Colonel's heart, and killing him at the instant. I think my hand was resting on poor Ellsworth's shoulder at the moment. At any rate, he seemed to fall almost from my own grasp. He was on the second or third step from the landing, and he dropped forward with that heavy, horrible, headlong weight which always comes of sudden death inflicted in this manner. His assailant had turned like a flash to give the contents of the other barrel to Brownell, but either he could not command his aim or the Zouave was too quick with him, for the slugs went over his head, and passed through the panels and wainscot of a door which sheltered some sleeping lodgers. Simultaneously with this second shot, and sounding like the echo of the first, Brownell's rifle was heard, and the assassin staggered backward. He was hit exactly in the middle of the face, and the wound, as I afterward saw it, was the most frightful I ever witnessed. Of course Brownell did not know how fatal his shot had been, and so, before the man dropped, he thrust his sabre bayonet through and through the body, the force of the blow sending the dead man violently down the upper section of the second flight of stairs, at the foot of which he lay with his face to the floor. Winser ran from above, crying. 'Who is hit?' but as he glanced downward by our feet, he needed no answer.

"Bewildered for an instant by the suddenness of this attack, and not knowing what more might be in store, we forbore to proceed, and gathered together defensively. There were but seven of us altogether, and one was without a weapon of any kind. Brownell instantly reloaded, and while doing so perceived the door through which the assailant's shot had passed beginning to open. He brought his rifle to the shoulder, and menaced the occupants, two travelers, with immediate death if they stirred. The three other privates guarded the passages, of which there were quite a number converging to the point where we stood, while the chaplain and Winser looked to the staircase by which we had descended, and the adjoining chambers. I ran down stairs to see if any thing was threatened from the story below, but it soon appeared there was no danger from that quarter. However, we were not at all disposed to move from our position. From the opening doors and through the passages we discerned a sufficient number of forms to assure us that we were dreadfully in the minority. I think now that there was no danger, and that the single assailant acted without concert with any body; but it is impossible to know accurately, and it was certainly a doubtful question then. The first thing to be done was to look to our dead friend and leader. He had fallen on his face, and the streams of blood that flowed from his wound had literally flooded the way. The chaplain turned him gently over, and I stooped and called his name aloud, at which I thought then he murmured inarticulately. I presume I was mistaken, and I am not sure that he spoke a word after being struck, although in my dispatch I repeated a single exclamation which I had believed he uttered. It might have been Brownell, or the chaplain, who was close behind me. Winser and I lifted the body with all the care we could apply, and laid it upon a bed in a room near by. The rebel flag, stained with his blood and purified by this contact from the baseness of its former meaning, we laid about his feet. It was at first difficult to discover the precise locality of his wound, for all parts of his coat were equally saturated with blood. By cautiously loosening his belt and unbuttoning his coat, we found where the shot had penetrated. None of us had any medical knowledge, but we saw that all hope must be resigned. Nevertheless it seemed proper to summon the surgeon as speedily as possible. This could not easily be done, for, secluded as we were in that part of the town, and uncertain whether an ambush might not be awaiting us also, no man could volunteer to venture forth alone, and to go together, and leave the Colonel's body behind, was out of the question. We wondered at the long delay of the first company, for the advance of which the Colonel had sent back before approaching the hotel, but we subsequently learned that they had mistaken a street, and gone a little out of their way. Before they arrived we had removed some of the unsightly stains from the Colonel's features, and composed his limbs. His expression in death was beautifully natural. The Colonel was a singularly handsome man, and, excepting the pallor, there was nothing different in his countenance now from what all his friends had so lately been accustomed to gladly recognize."

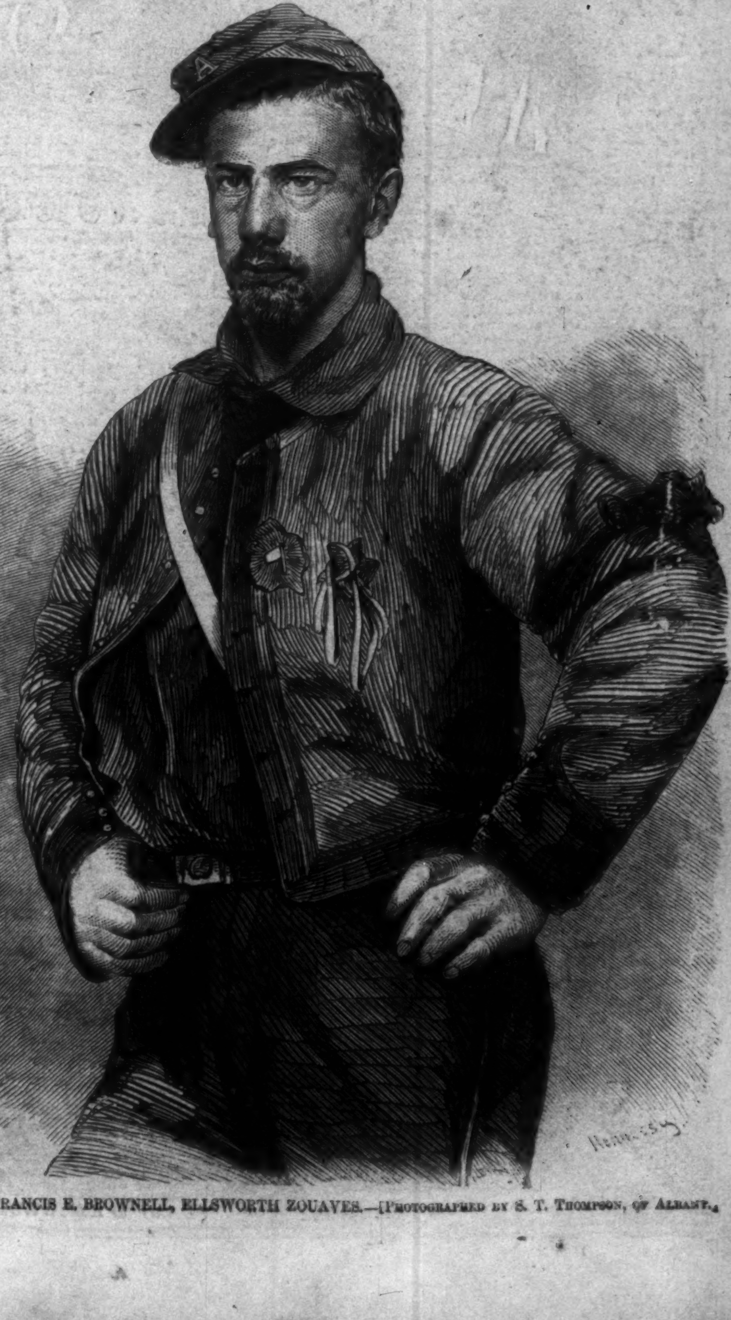


BOLLMAN'S ROCK, POINT OF ROCKS, HARPER'S FERRY, THROWN DOWN BY THE REBELS TO OBSTRUCT THE RAILROAD TRACK.

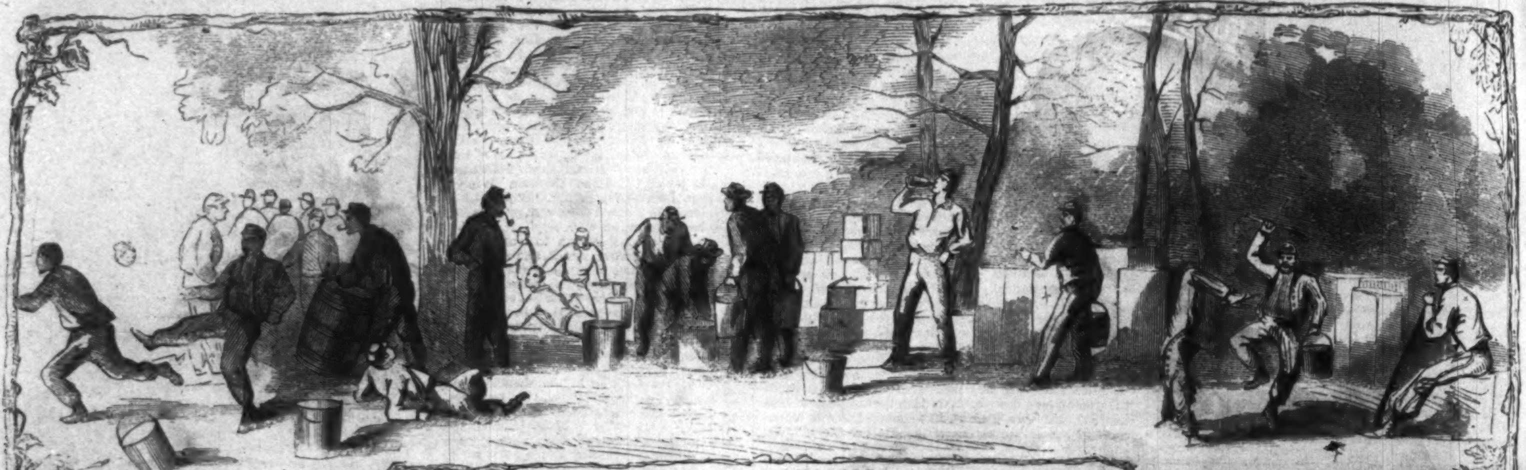
Private BROWNELL, who shot Jackson, is a native of Troy. The Troy *Times* says:

"He is a son of Charles Brownell, County Superintendent of the Poor, and is as modest as he has proved himself to be brave and cool. He is a member of Engine Company No. 1, of this city, and gave up a lucrative situation to enter the ranks of Colonel Ellsworth's regiment as a private soldier. All honor to him and to the cause in which he is engaged. He telegraphed to his father, immediately after the death of the lamented Ellsworth, in the following laconic dispatch:

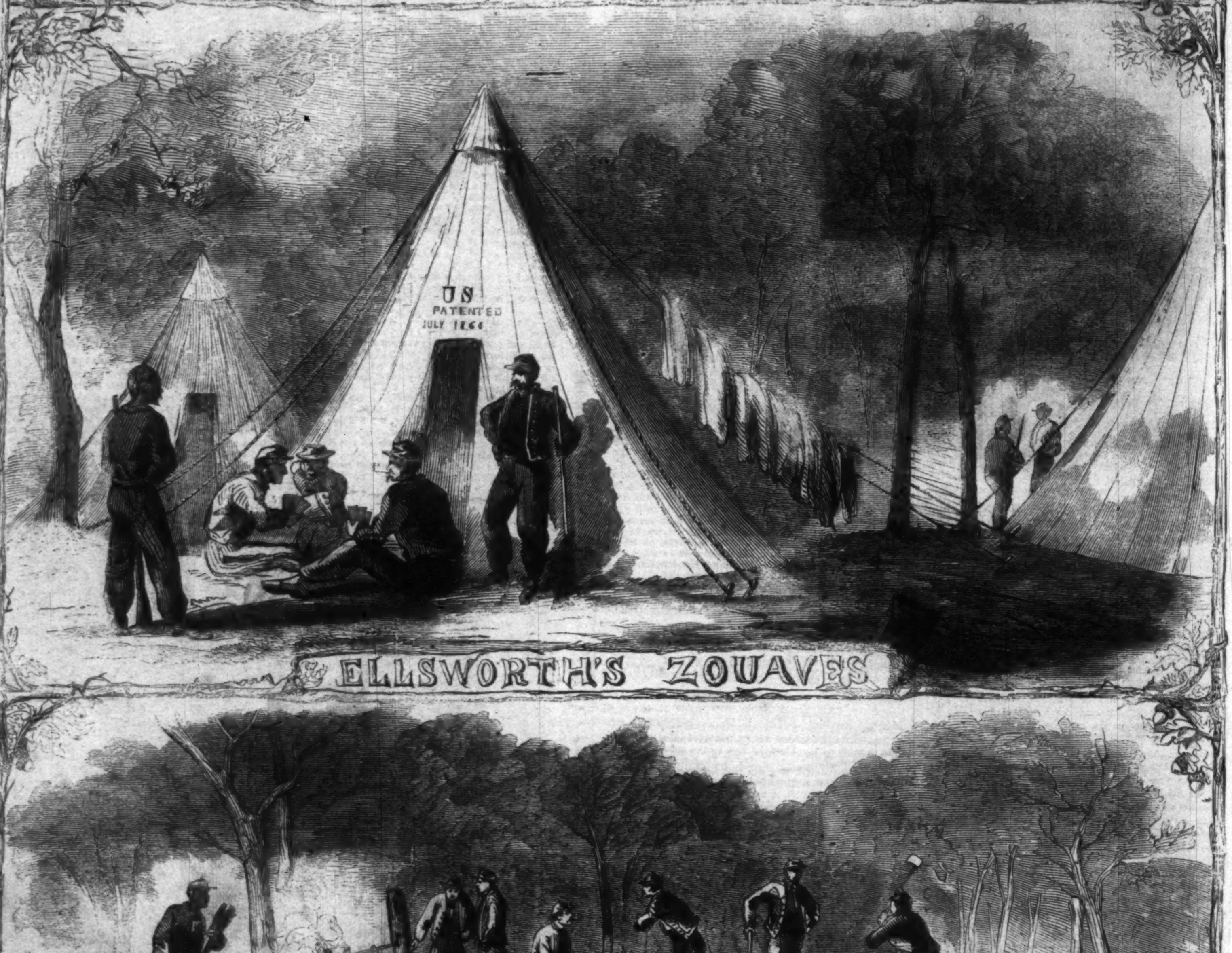
"'FATHER.—Colonel Ellsworth was shot dead this morning. I killed his murderer. FRANK.'"



CORPORAL FRANCIS E. BROWNELL, ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. T. THOMPSON, OF ALBANY.



GETTING RATIONS.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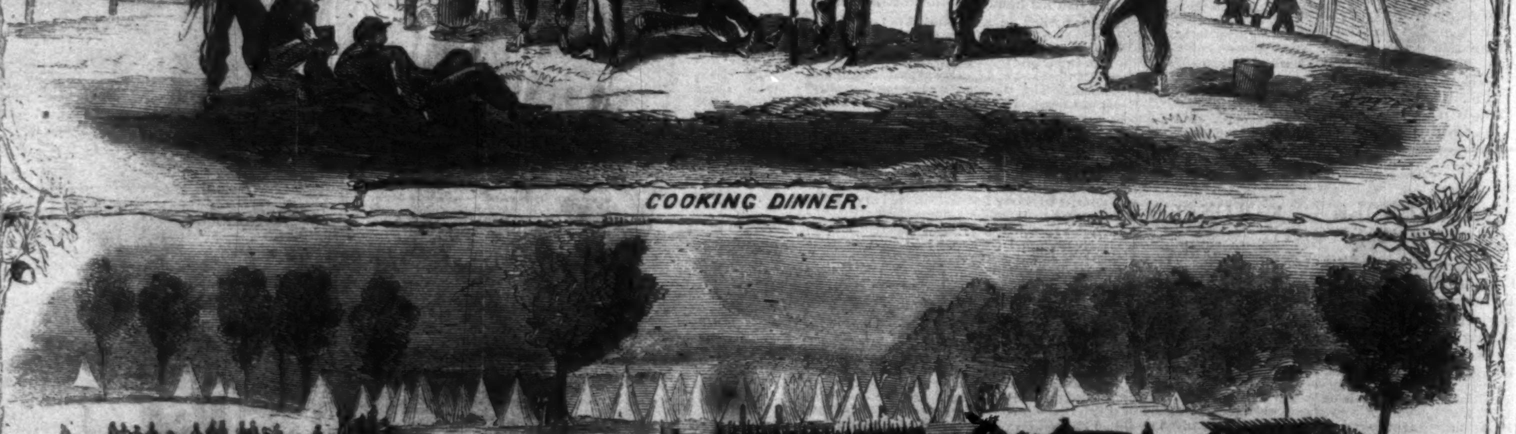
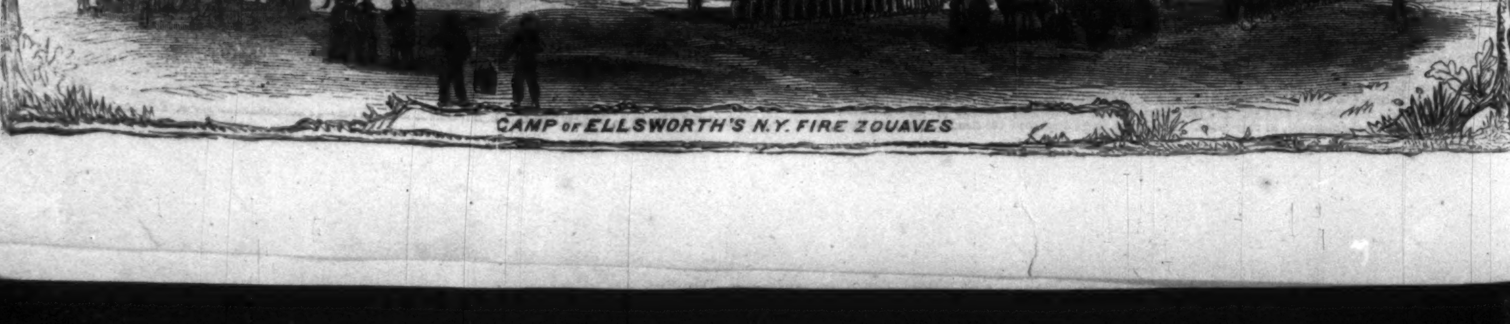
ELLSWORTH'S ZOUAVES



COOKING DINNER.



CAMP OF ELLSWORTH'S N.Y. FIRE ZOUAVES.

OUR MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

On pages 360 and 361 we publish a large Birds-eye View of the Seat of War in Virginia and the neighborhood, which will enable our readers to follow the march of the armies intelligently. We subjoin a few memoranda of some of the principal points in Virginia:

The city of Norfolk is on the right bank of Elizabeth River, just below the confluence of its two branches, eight miles from Hampton Roads, and thirty-two miles from the ocean. It contains a United States Navy-yard, in which is a dry-dock, constructed of hewn granite, which cost $974,436. The Dismal Swamp Canal connects Chesapeake Bay with Albemarle Sound, and opens an extensive water communication with Norfolk to the South. The population of the city is about 20,000.

Lynchburg is situated 116 miles west of Richmond and 191 from Washington, on the south bank of James River, at the junction of the Petersburg and Lynchburg Railroad with the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. It has a variety of manufacturing establishments, such as cotton and tobacco factories, and an iron foundery. The city enjoys many natural advantages for military defense, and the climate is quite healthy. At present a military column of rebels is concentrated at this point, awaiting orders from head-quarters. Some accounts say there are fully 15,000 men at that point.

Fredericksburg is situated on the right bank of the Rappahannock River, at the head of tide water, one hundred and ten miles above the Chesapeake, and on the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad, sixty miles from the former place, and seventy miles from Washington. The population of the city is between six and eight thousand. Fredericksburg enjoys good natural facilities for military defense, from its contiguity to the Potomac, and is now being used as the concentrating point for a large body of rebel troops. It is on a line of railroad leading to Washington. Fredericksburg, Richmond, Lynchburg, and Petersburg compose a quadrilateral of no mean military significance; its importance has already been appreciated by the rebel chiefs.

Petersburg is a port of entry, on the south bank of the Appomattox River, twelve miles above its entrance into James River, at City Point. The city contains about 18,000 inhabitants. It has good railroad facilities to Washington, which is 140 miles distant.

Yorktown is a port of entry, 185 miles from Richmond. It is a small village, and memorable as the place where Lord Cornwallis surrendered the British army to General Washington, October 19, 1781, which event terminated the Revolutionary War. It derives importance at the present time from the fact that the Southern rebel forces are establishing a camp there, apparently to counter any land movement of United States troops from Fortress Monroe, which is seventeen and a half miles distant. It is not unlikely that, from present appearances, a second battle of Yorktown may be fought.

Winchester is the capital of Frederick County, Virginia. It is 150 miles north-northwest of Richmond, and 71 miles west by north of Washington. It is the terminus of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, thirty miles long, connecting with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Harper's Ferry, and it has a number of turnpike roads radiating in all directions, which attract a large amount of trade and travel. Population in 1850, 4500.

GEN. CADWALLADER'S CAMP AT BALTIMORE.

We publish herewith a picture, from a photograph by Weaver, of General Cadwallader's Camp of Federal troops at Locust Point, opposite Baltimore city. A correspondent of the *Tribune* thus described it when it was first established:

"This encampment, which may very appropriately be called Camp Cadwallader, is only temporary. It does well in dry weather, but is too low when it rains. Thousands of people visited the spot to-day, and the rickety old ferry-boat from the foot of Broadway on Fell's Point to Locust Point groaned beneath its astonished load of visitors. There are sixty rows of tents in the encampment, numbering some 500 in all. The men all bathed this morning by companies in the basin, at a proper distance from the crowds. Last night they went through regimental drill, to the great delight of the by-standers. The officers of the regiments have their quarters in a fine brick house called the Vineyard, in close proximity to the camp. General Cadwallader's head-quarters are in an outhouse within the fort grounds, but will be removed to-morrow to the Hospital, just within the outer gate."

THE ADVANCE INTO VIRGINIA.

Shortly after midnight, on the morning of March 24, the "Advance Guard of the great Army of the United States" entered the State of Virginia opposite Washington, crossing by the Long Bridge at Alexandria, and the Iron Bridge at Georgetown. We publish on page 356, from a drawing by our special artist, an engraving of the Army Crossing the Long Bridge. The following description of the scene is from the *Herald:*

"The order to march for Virginia at two o'clock this morning was communicated to the officers of the different regiments at the evening parades, but it was kept from the men until shortly before midnight, when it was generally promulgated. It was received by the various corps with true martial enthusiasm. The men having been kept in readiness since the night before last, the final packing up did not require much time. At midnight all were ready to move. The Fifth and Twenty-eighth New York regiments, having the longest distance to march to the rendezvous from the Capitol to Georgetown, commenced moving at half-past twelve. They came down the avenue with, as heretofore, soul-stirring, far-sounding martial strains, but with quiet tread, more like that of hundreds than thousands of men. Soon after they had passed, the New Jersey brigade, the Michigan regiment, and the Twelfth and Seventh of New York, crossed the avenue with equal quietness. So little noise did they cause that hardly any of the denizens of Washington were awakened from their peaceful slumbers.

"The scene at the bridges was grand and impressive beyond description, and one that the writer will ever remember. The night was cool and clear, thousands of men were drawn up in line and defiling past, but hardly a whisper was heard from among them. They all preserved a solemn silence, as though sensible of the momentousness of the occasion; but the rumbling of artillery, the clatter of cavalry, the muskets and ordnance glittering in the moonlight, the suppressed commands of the officers, imparted, nevertheless, a liveliness to the imposing spectacle.

"The troops took rations for only two days along, but large quantities of provisions will be conveyed across the river to-day. All the troops carried their knapsacks, blankets, canteens, etc., with the exception of the Seventh, which went without knapsacks. From this it was inferred that the latter corps would make but a short stay on the right bank of the Potomac.

"The main body of the troops were all across the two bridges in two hours after they commenced entering upon them. Three or four companies marched over at a time, in broken steps."

THE GARIBALDI GUARD.

We publish on page 362 a picture of the Garibaldi Guard in the street, marching in double-quick time; and another of the presentation of colors to them, which took place last week. They are a very gallant regiment, consisting chiefly of Italians, Hungarians, and Germans. The following description of the presentation of colors appeared in the *Herald:*

"The first flag presented was from Mrs. A. H. Stephens. It is a beautiful silken American standard. The borders are delicately ornamented with gold tassels and fringe, elaborately worked. A golden eagle sits proudly on the top of the staff. The centre of the flag is inscribed 'Garibaldi Guard,' in plain gilt letters; and beneath this are the words, 'Presented by Mrs. A. H. Stephens, May 23, 1861.'

"A speech was made, to which Colonel Utassy responded in appropriate terms, and the flag was passed into the custody of the standard-bearer.

"The next flag presented was a rich Hungarian standard—green, red, and white stripes. On one side was the motto, within a wreath, 'Vivecere aut morire;' and on the opposite side, in English, the same motto, 'Conquer or die.' The regimental name appeared on each side, over and underneath the wreaths, in English. This elegant present was from Miss Grinnell. It had four beautiful silk pendants of colors and inscriptions, the latter embroidered, as follows: White, "Sylvia Grinnell;' red, 'Presented to the Garibaldi Guard;' blue, 'New York, 23d May, 1861;' red, white, and blue, 'Brethren before, brethren again.'

"The next flag attracted much attention from the fact that it is surrounded by Revolutionary and sanguinary memories. This was the tricolor standard which the patriot Garibaldi bore in triumph through the campaign of 1848 and 1849, and with his own hand planted on the battlements of one of the castles of the Eternal City—a triumphant emblem of liberty and power. The flag is composed of the Italian colors—green, red, and white—and is inscribed in Italian in the centre, 'Dio E Popoli'—God and the People.

"In presenting the flag to the regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Repetti came to the front, leading by the hand a very beautiful young lady, the daughter of General Avezzana, and addressed the regiment in the Italian language. He, in substance, said:

"'Officers and Soldiers of the Garibaldi Guard,—It is with very great pleasure that I accept the duty of presenting to you this memorable flag—a flag which Garibaldi himself has consecrated to the cause of liberty. It is the gift to the regiment of this young lady, the daughter of one of the most intimate friends of our beloved General. Let the gift be dear to every one of you, and as, wherever danger is thickest, this flag shall wave, there shall be your place to defend it. Soldiers of the Garibaldi Guard—Hungarians, Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and men of every other nationality—take this honored flag and swear to defend it through every peril. Swear!' [Loud cries of 'We swear!']

"Loud applause followed, the band playing the 'Marseillaise' as the flag was given over to the regiment."

THE GUTHRIE GRAYS.

We publish on page 363, from a sketch kindly sent us by Mr. Noble, a picture of the Guthrie Gray Regiment, Colonel Bosley commanding, passing through Cincinnati on the morning of May 17, 1861. They left Camp Harrison that morning, and took the cars, after passing through the city, for Camp Dennison. The Cincinnati *Times* said of them:

"Every house had a welcome for them, and large numbers of friends, in carriages and on horseback, escorted them. The regiment was followed by a crowd, which kept constantly increasing. At Ninth Street Menter's band, which marched at the head of the regiment, struck up a lively air, and the spectators were soon multiplied by thousands. Some three or four of the companies were in the new uniform. The rest wore loose gray overshirts, and while they did not look quite so soldierly as the rest, were in better trim to stand the fatigue, and indeed made the better appearance. Company D, thus attired, was highly commended by the spectators. The buildings on either side of Fourth Street and the sidewalks were crowded with people, including a great many ladies, who greeted the Grays with the waving of handkerchiefs, hats, and flags, clapping of hands, and cheers. The Post-office corner sent up a rousing cheer. The brave fellows seemed to forget in a moment the fatigues of their march, amidst this splendid demonstration of the people."

THE EXCELSIOR BRIGADE.

We publish on page 363 a picture of the Bivouac of the Excelsior Brigade at the Red House, Harlem. This is General Sickles's brigade, which has been recruited at 444 Broadway, and is said to be destined for active service at the South. They are a fine body of men, and will doubtless give a good account of themselves.

THE FUNERAL OF COLONEL VOSBURGH.

On page 364 we publish a picture of the Funeral Ceremonies of Colonel Vosburgh, late Commander of the 71st Regiment, N. Y. S. M. Colonel Vosburgh died of hemorrhage of the lungs at Washington last week, and was buried here on 23d instant. The military programme was observed throughout as arranged by the Committee having the matter in charge, in the following order:

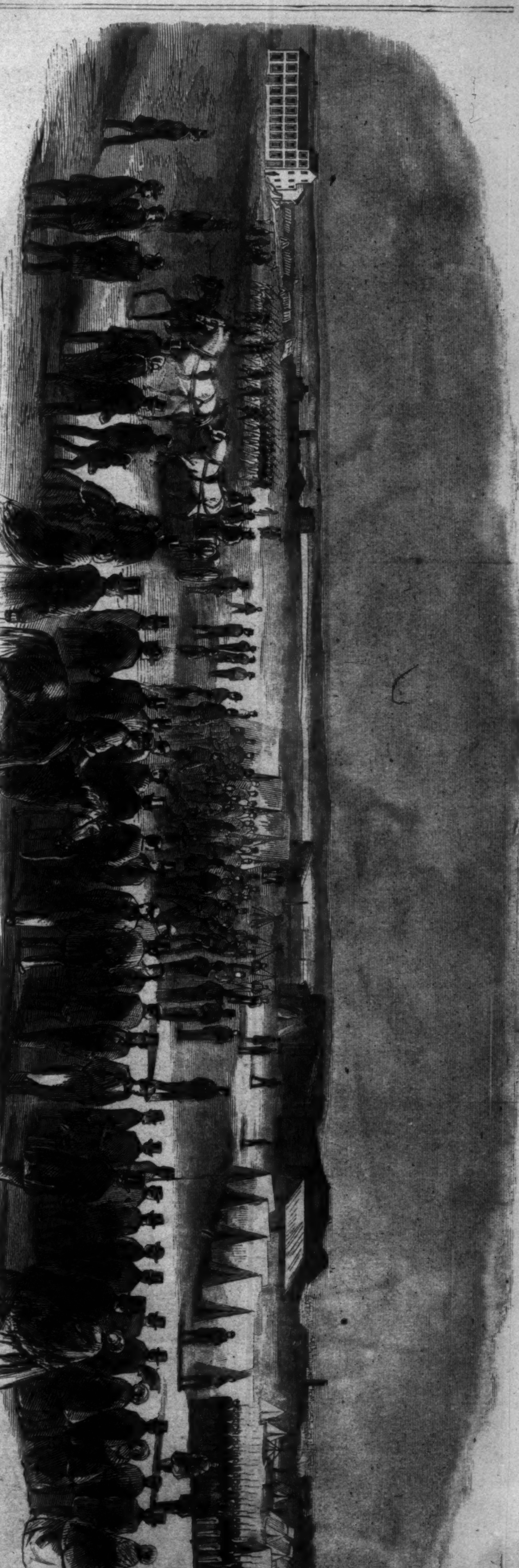
First Regiment of Cavalry, Lieut.-Col. T. C. Devin.
Third Regiment of Cavalry, Lieut.-Col. Menck.
Seventy-ninth Regiment, Lieut.-Col. Elliott commanding.
Eleventh Regiment of Rifles, Col. J. Maidhof.
Detachment of the Ninth Regiment, Major E. L. Stone.
Fifty-fifth Regiment, Guard of Honor, Col. Eugene Le Gal.
First Regiment N. Y. S., Col. Wm. H. Allen.
Officers of the First Division not on duty.
Officers of the Volunteer Regiments in the city and vicinity.
Clergy and Physicians.

Pall-bearers. Military Escort.	THE HEARSE.	Pall-bearers. Military Escort.

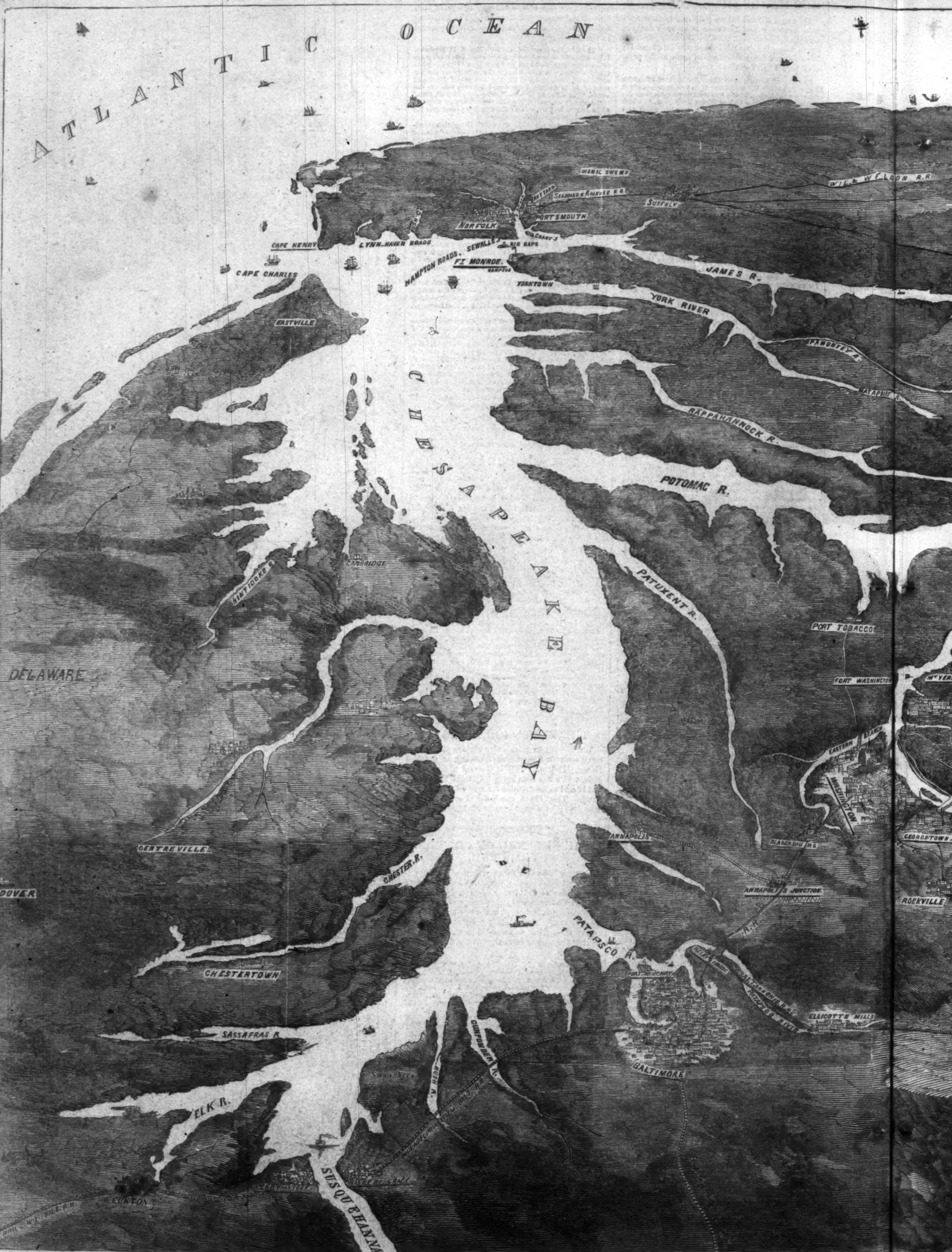
Horse of the deceased.
Immediate relatives of the deceased.
Members and ex-members of the Seventy-first in citizens' dress, as mourners.
Sergeant-at-arms of the Common Council.
Joint Committee of the Common Council.
Mayors of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City.
Heads of Departments, and Common Council of New York, with their staffs of office.
Union Defense Committee.
Tammany Society, of which deceased was a member.
Metropolitan Home Guard.
Civic Societies.
Citizens generally.

The following gentlemen, from military and civil life, acted as pall-bearers, according to the programme:

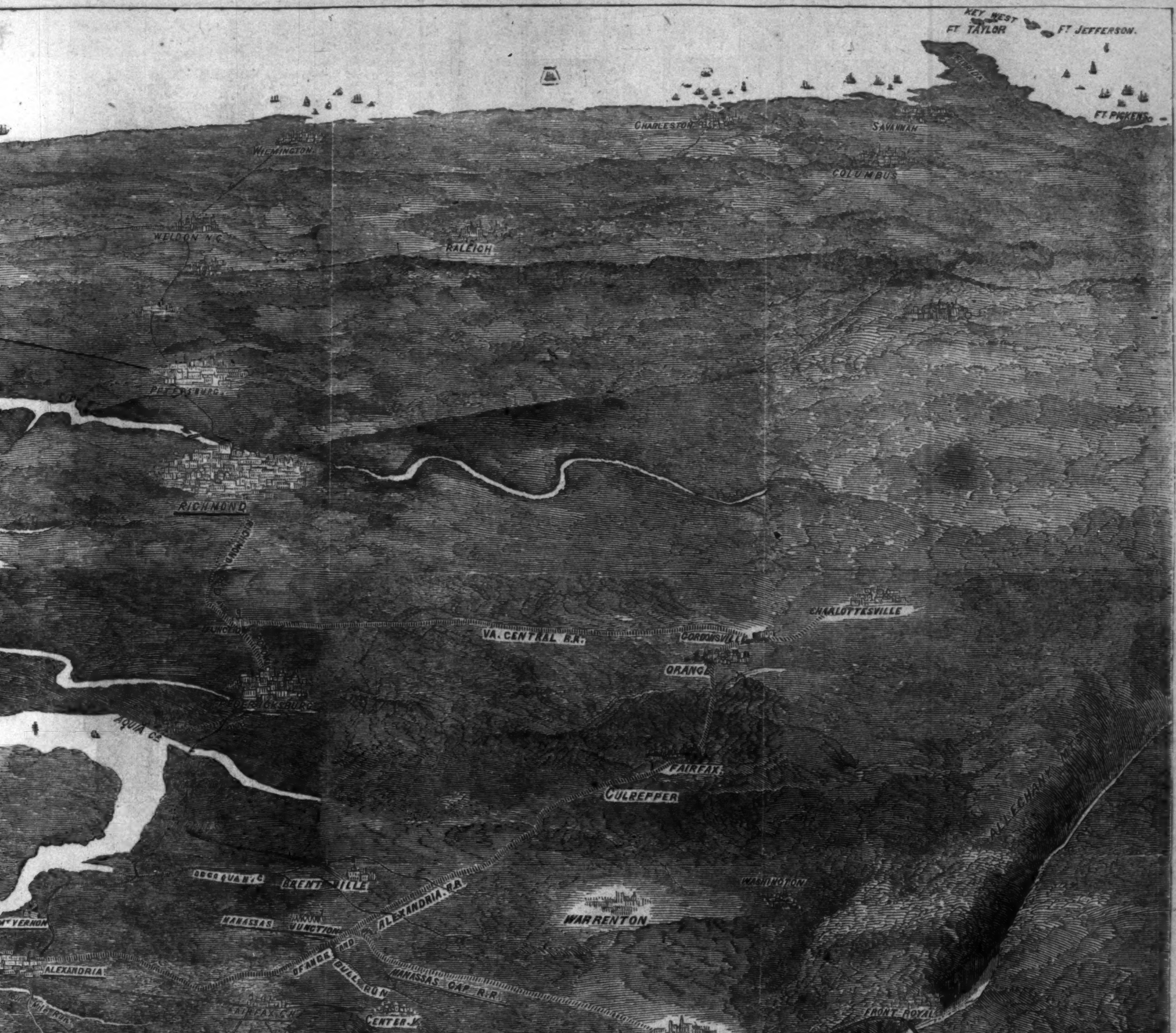
Military—Gen. Hall, Gen. Storms, Gen. Spicer, Gen. Yates, Gen. C. H. Arthur, Col. Postley, Col. Hinckes, Col. Styles, Col. Van Buren, Col. Pierson, Lieut.-Col. Cagood, Lieut.-Col. Halleck. *Civil*—Emanuel B. Hart, George W. M'Lean, Simeon Draper, Isaac Bell, Jun., John Van Buren, John R. Carland, David H. Turner, Edward Vincent, Richard Winne, John S. Lawrence, Halsey Mitchell, John R. Briggs.



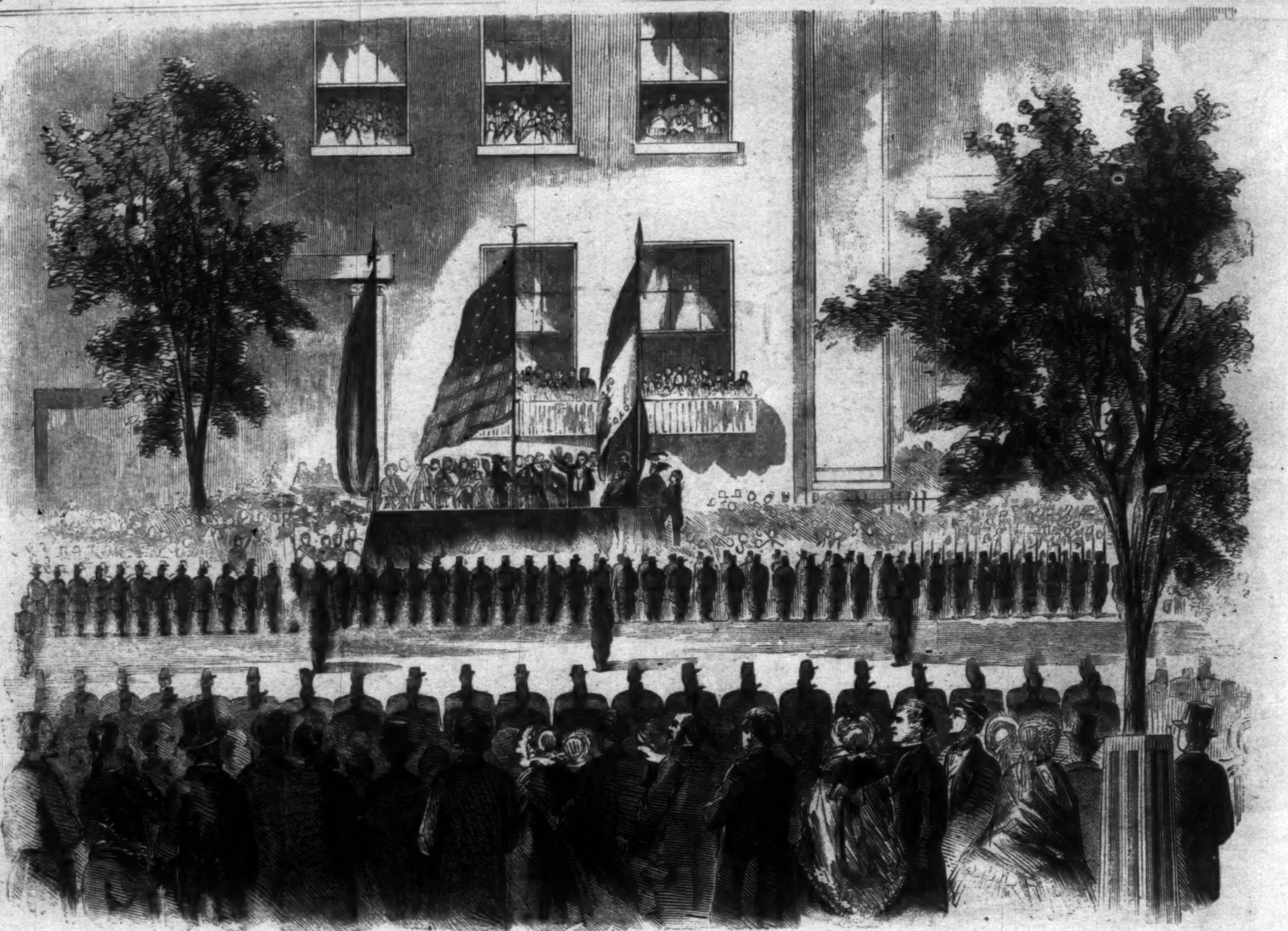
GENERAL CADWALLADER'S CAMP OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS AT LOCUST POINT, OPPOSITE BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—[Photographed by Weaver.]


ATLANTIC OCEAN
CHESAPEAKE BAY
DISMAL SWAMP
NAVY YARD
SEABOARD & ROANOKE R.R.
SUFFOLK
WIL. & WELDON R.R.
NORFOLK
PORTSMOUTH
CRANY I.
CAPE HENRY
LYNN-HAVEN ROADS
HAMPTON ROADS.
SEWALLS P.
RIP RAPS
FT. MONROE.
HAMPTON
YORKTOWN
CAPE CHARLES
EASTVILLE
JAMES R.
YORK RIVER
PAMUNKEY R.
MATAPONY R.
RAPPAHANNOCK R.
POTOMAC R.
NANTICOKE R.
CAMBRIDGE
DELAWARE
PATUXENT R.
PORT TOBACCO
FORT WASHINGTON
Mt. VER
EASTERN BRANCH
WASHINGTON
GEORGETOWN
BLADENSBURG
ANNAPOLIS
ANNAPOLIS JUNCTION.
R.R.
ROCKVILLE
CENTREVILLE
DOVER
CHESTER R.
CHESTERTOWN
PATAPSCO R.
FORT McHENRY
RELAY HOUSE
BALT. AND OHIO R.R.
PATAPSCO RIVER
ELLICOTT'S MILLS
SASSAFRAS R.
GUNPOWDER R.
BUSH R.
SWAN NECK
BALTIMORE
PHILADELPHIA WILM. & BALT. R.R.
ELK R.
ELKTON
PHIL. WIL. BALT. R.R.
PERRY-VILLE
HAVRE DE GRACE
SUSQUEHANNA

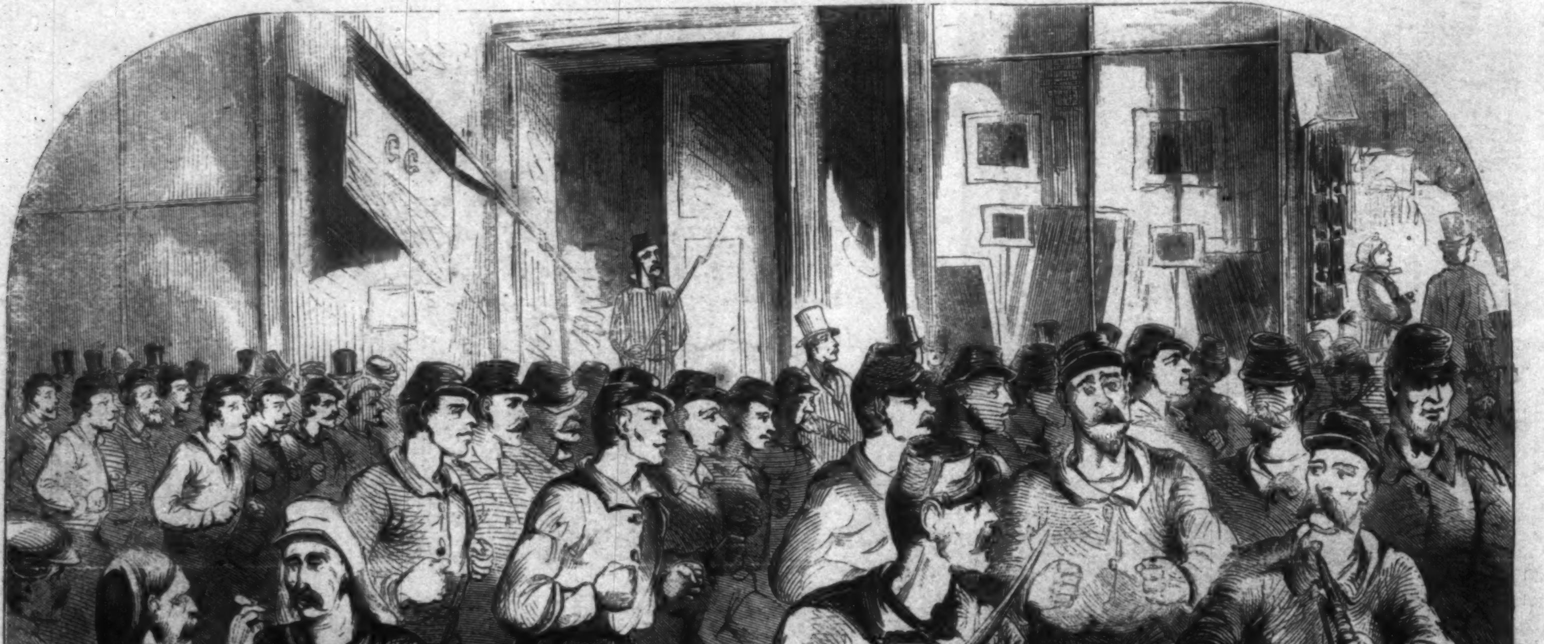
PICTORIAL MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR, SHOWING PARTS OF THE STATES OF MARYLAND, DELAWARE, VIRGINIA, AND NORTH CAROLIN, AND ALS


KEY WEST
FT TAYLOR
FT JEFFERSON.
FLORIDA
FT PICKENS
WILMINGTON.
CHARLESTON
SAVANNAH
COLUMBUS
WELDON N.C.
RALEIGH
PETERSBURG.
RICHMOND
RICHMOND
JUNCTION
VA. CENTRAL R.R.
GORDONSVILLE
CHARLOTTESVILLE
ORANGE
FREDERICKSBURG
AQUIA CR.
FAIRFAX.
CULREPPER
ALLEGHANY
OCCOQUAN R.
BRENTSVILLE
WASHINGTON
MT VERNON
MANASSAS
JUNCTION
ALEXANDRIA R.R.
WARRENTON
ALEXANDRIA
ORANGE AND
BULL RUN
MANASSAS GAP R.R.
FAIRFAX C.H.
CENTER V.
OAK HILL
FRONT ROYAL
PLEASANT V.
BLUE RIDGE
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS
PROSPECT HILL
OATLANDS
STRASBURG
TOWN. D.C.
POTOMAC R.
CANAL
GOOSE CREEK
LEESBURG
BUSH
SHENANDOAH R.
COBRABS
WATER FORD
POOLES V.
HILLSBORO
WINCHESTER
CLARKSBURGH
CHARLESTOWN
HARPER'S FERRY
BALT. AND OHIO R.R.
MARTINSBURG
FREDERICK CITY.
BERKELEY SPRINGS
BATH
BALT. AND OHIO R.R.
POTOMAC R.
HAGERSTOWN
WILLIAMSPORT
HANCOCK

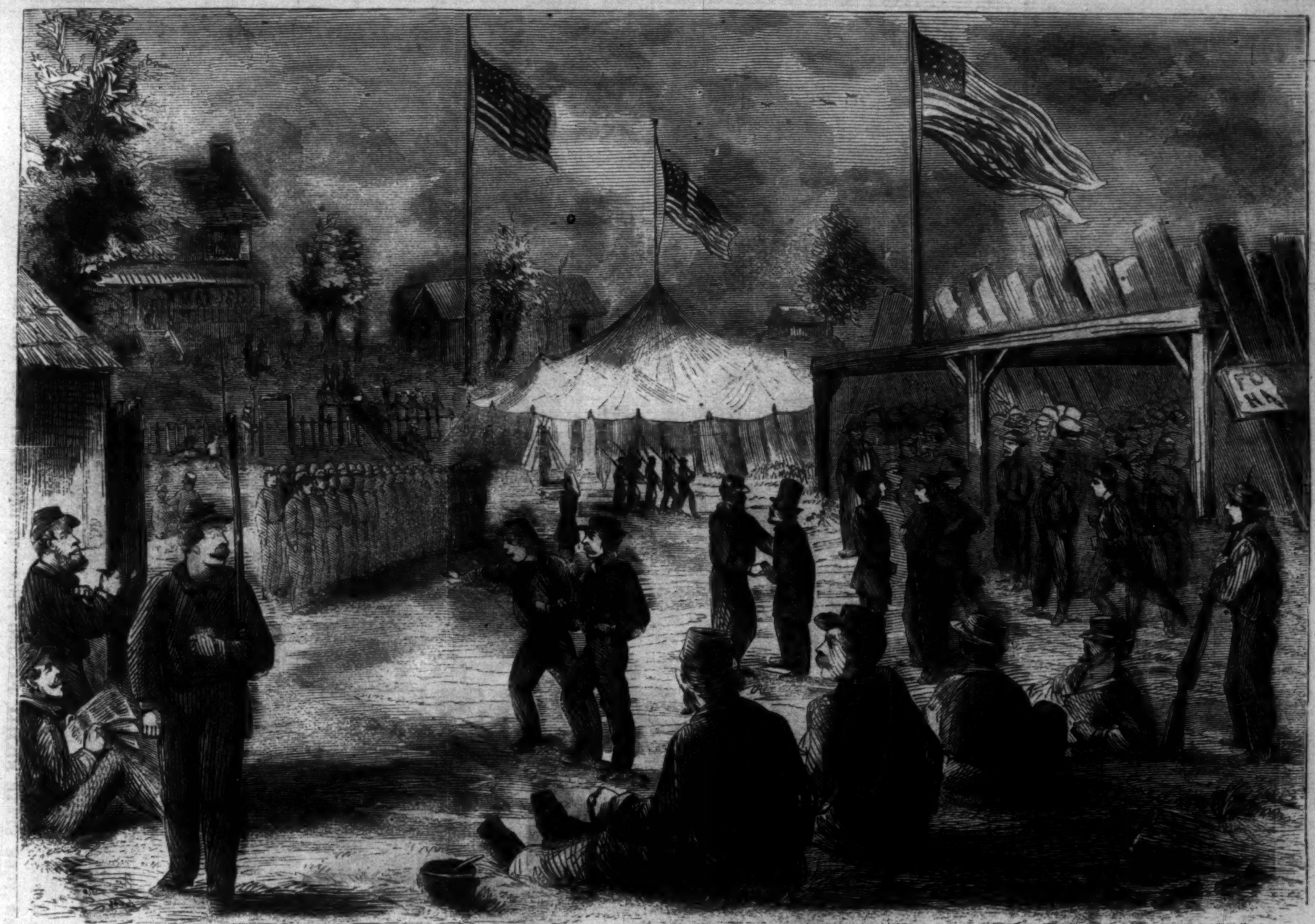
ALSO THE COAST LINE FROM CAPE HENRY TO FORT PICKENS, WITH THE UNITED STATES BLOCKADING FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



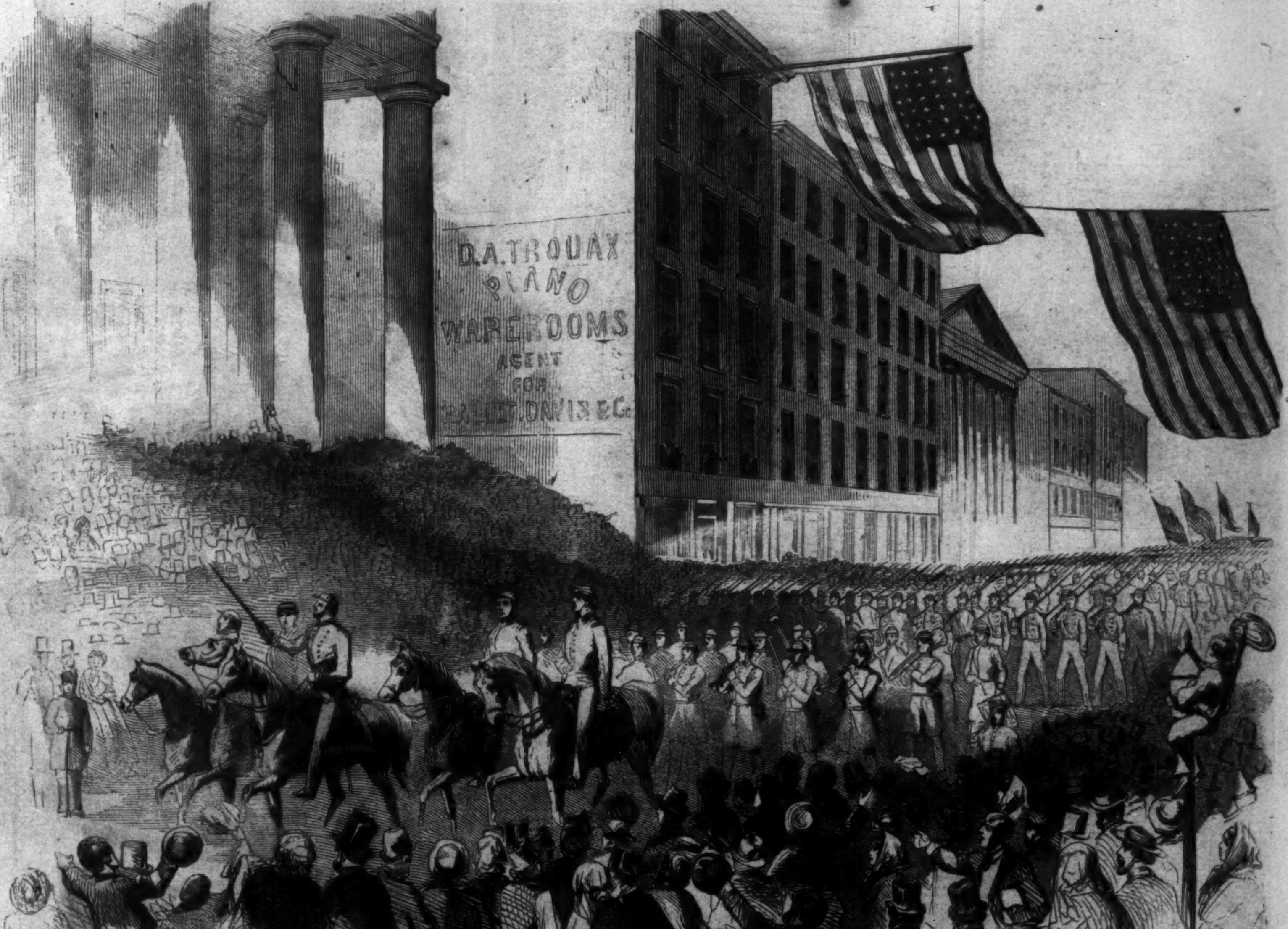
PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE GARIBALDI ZOUAVES, NEW YORK, MAY, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



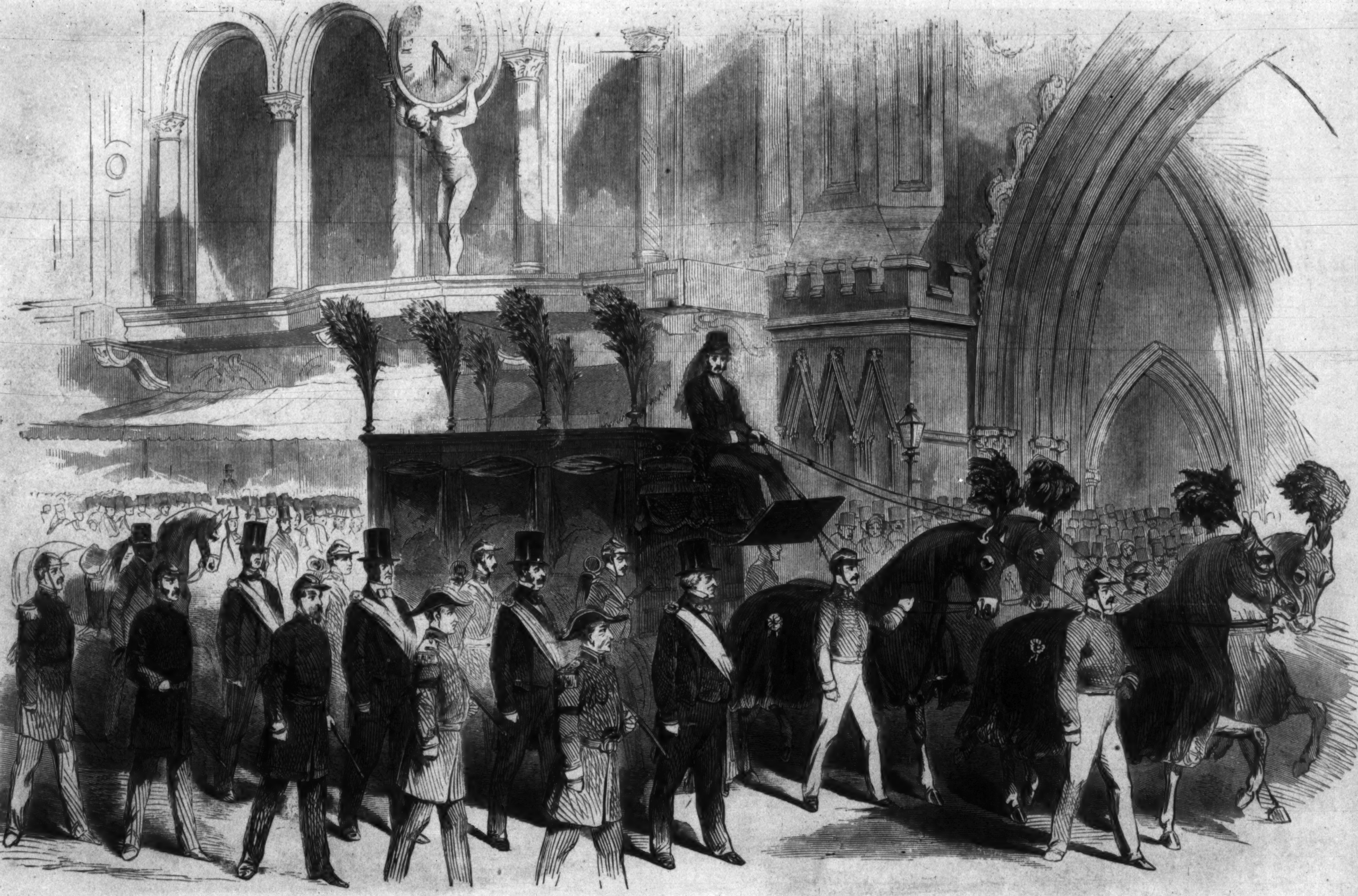
THE GARIBALDI ZOUAVES ON THE DOUBLE-QUICK IN BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



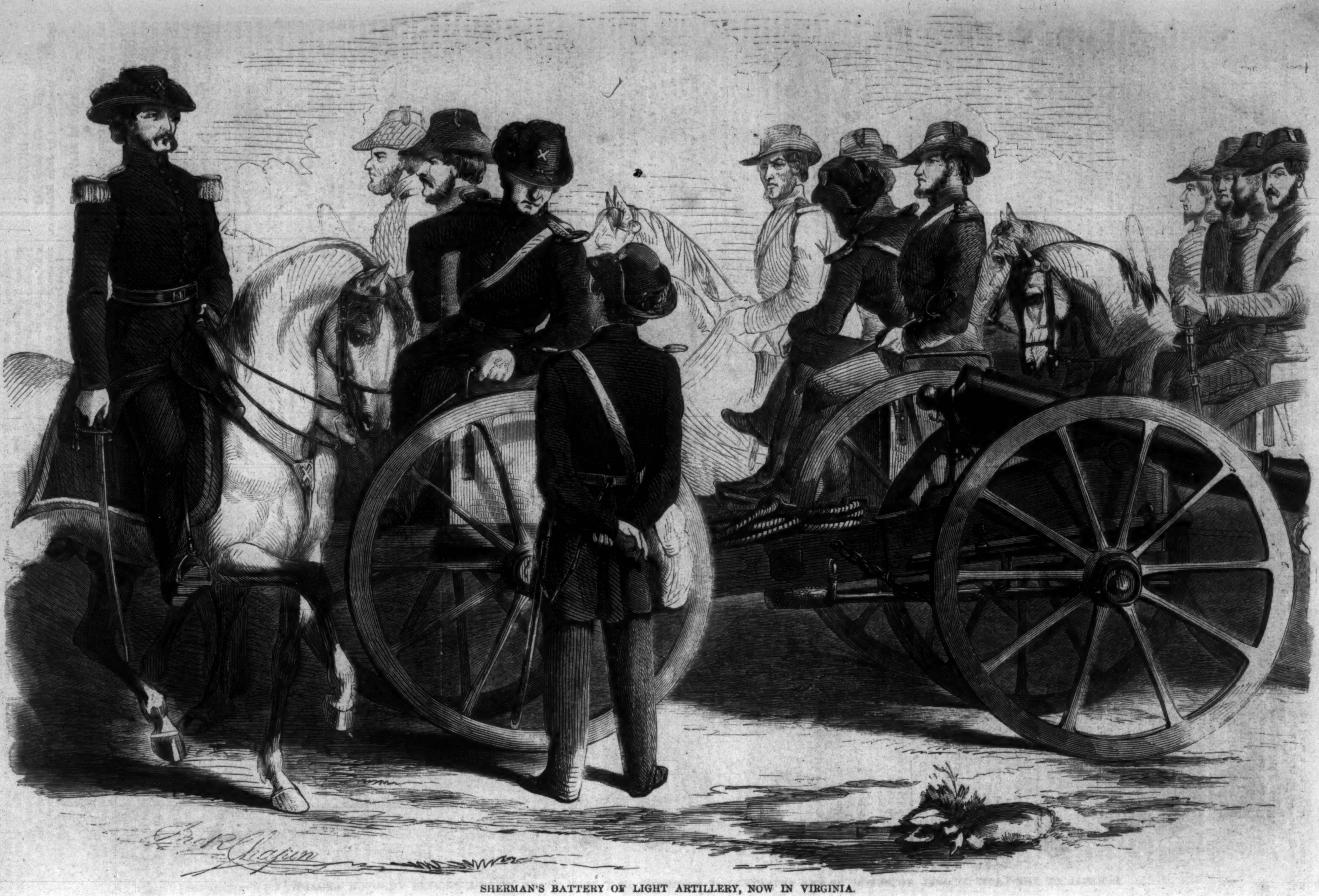
BIVOUAC OF PART OF GENERAL SICKLES'S EXCELSIOR BRIGADE AT THE RED HOUSE, HARLEM NEW YORK.—[See Page 359.]


D.A. TROUAX
PIANO
WAREROOMS
AGENT
FOR
HALLET, DAVIS & Co.

THE GUTHRIE GRAYS MARCHING THROUGH CINCINNATI EN ROUTE FOR CAMP DENNISON.—Sketched by Mr. Noble, of Cincinnati.—[See Page 359.]



FUNERAL OF THE LATE COLONEL VOSBURGH OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, PASSING THROUGH BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



SHERMAN'S BATTERY OF LIGHT ARTILLERY, NOW IN VIRGINIA.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Turning from the Temple gate as soon as I had read the warning, I made the best of my way to Fleet Street, and there got a late hackney chariot and drove to the Hummums in Covent Garden. In those times a bed was always to be got there at any hour of the night, and the chamberlain, letting me in at his ready wicket, lighted the candle next in order on his shelf, and showed me straight into the bedroom next in order on his list. It was a sort of vault on the ground-floor at the back, with a despotic old monster of a four-post bedstead in it, straddling over the whole place, putting one of his arbitrary legs into the fire-place and another into the door-way, and squeezing the wretched little washing-stand in quite a Divinely Righteous manner.

As I had asked for a night-light, the chamberlain had brought me in, before he left me, the good old constitutional rush-light of those virtuous days—an object like the ghost of a walking-cane, which instantly broke its back if it were touched, which nothing could ever be lighted at, and which was placed in solitary confinement at the bottom of a high tin tower, perforated with round holes that made a staringly wide-awake pattern on the walls. When I had got into bed, and lay there footsore, weary, and wretched, I found that I could no more close my own eyes than I could close the eyes of this foolish Argus. And thus, in the gloom and death of the night, we stared at one another.

What a doleful night! How anxious, how dismal, how long! There was an inhospitable smell in the room of cold soot and hot dust, and as I looked up into the corners of the tester over my head, I thought what a number of blue-bottle flies from the butchers, and ear-wigs from the market, and grubs from the country, must be holding on up there, lying by for next summer. This led me to speculate whether any of them ever tumbled down, and then I fancied that I felt light falls on my face—a disagreeable turn of thought, suggesting other and more objectionable approaches up my back. When I had lain awake a little while, those extraordinary voices with which silence teems began to make themselves audible. The closet whispered, the fire-place sighed, the little washing-stand ticked, and one guitar-string played occasionally in the chest of drawers. At about the same time the eyes on the wall acquired a new expression, and in every one of those staring rounds I saw written, Don't go home.

Whatever night-fancies and night-noises crowded on me, they never warded off this Don't go home. It plaited itself into whatever I thought of, as a bodily pain would have done. Not long before I had read in the newspapers how a gentleman unknown had come to the Hummums in the night, and had gone to bed, and had destroyed himself, and had been found in the morning weltering in blood. It came into my head that he must have occupied this very vault of mine, and I got out of bed to assure myself that there were no red marks about; then opened the door to look out into the passages, and cheer myself with the companionship of a distant light, near which I knew the chamberlain to be dozing. But all this time, why I was not to go home, and what had happened at home, and when I should go home, and whether Provis was safe at home, were questions occupying my mind so busily that one might have supposed there could be no room in it for any other theme. Even when I thought of Estella, and how we had parted that day for ever, and recalled all the circumstances of our parting, and all her looks and tones, and the action of her fingers, while she knitted—even then I was pursuing, here and there and every where, the caution, Don't go home. When at last I dozed, in sheer exhaustion of mind and body, it became a vast shadowy verb which I had to conjugate. Imperative mood, present tense: Do not thou go home, let him not go home, Let us not go home, do not ye or you go home, let not them go home; then, potentially: I may not and I can not go home; and I might not, could not, would not, and should not go home; until I felt that I was going distracted, and rolled over on the pillow, and looked at the staring rounds upon the wall again.

I had left directions that I was to be called at seven; for it was plain that I must see Wemmick before seeing any one else, and equally plain that this was a case in which his Walworth sentiments only could be taken. It was a relief to get out of the room where the night had been so miserable, and I needed no second knocking at the door to startle me from my uneasy bed.

The Castle battlements arose upon my view at eight o'clock. The little servant happening to be entering the fortress with two hot rolls, I passed through the postern and crossed the drawbridge in her company, and so came without announcement into the presence of Wemmick as he was making tea for himself and the Aged. An open door afforded a perspective view of the Aged in bed.

"Halloa, Mr. Pip!" said Wemmick. "You did come home, then?"

"Yes," I returned; "but I didn't go home."

"That's all right," said he, rubbing his hands. "I left a note for you at each of the Temple gates, on the chance. Which gate did you come to?"

I told him.

"I'll go round to the others in the course of the day and destroy the notes," said Wemmick; "it's a good rule never to leave documentary evidence if you can help it, because you don't know when it may be put in. I'm going to take a liberty with you.—*Would* you mind toasting this sausage for the Aged P.?"

I said I should be delighted to do it.

"Then you can go about your work, Mary Anne," said Wemmick to the little servant; "which leaves us to ourselves, don't you see, Mr. Pip?" he added, winking, as she disappeared.

I thanked him for his friendship and caution, and our discourse proceeded in a low tone, while I toasted the Aged's sausage and he buttered the crumb of the Aged's roll.

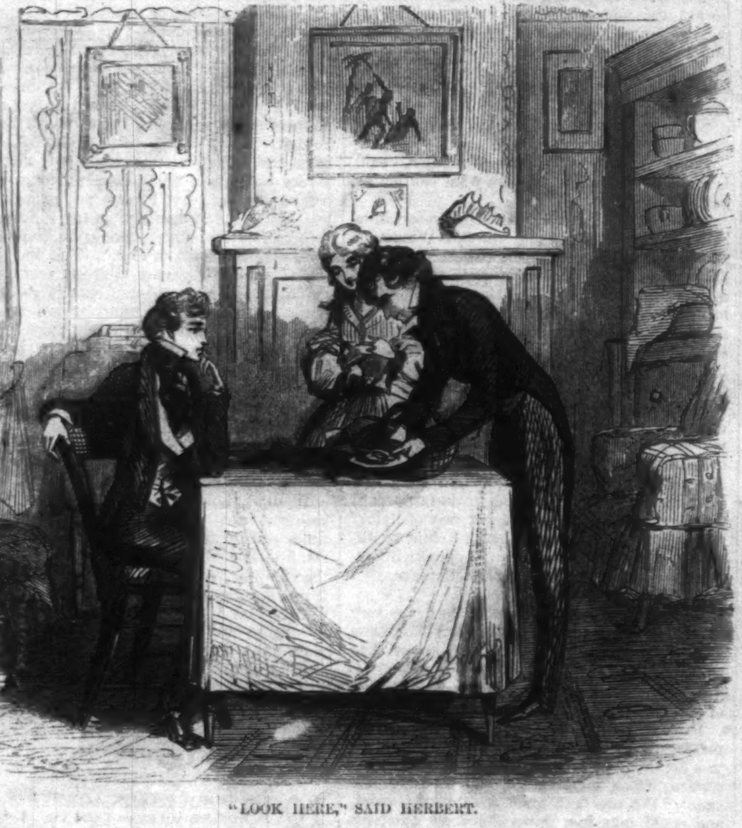
"Now, Mr. Pip, you know," said Wemmick, "you and I understand one another. We are in our private and personal capacities, and we have been engaged in a confidential transaction before to-day. Official sentiments are one thing. We are extra official."

I cordially assented. I was so very nervous that I had already lighted the Aged's sausage like a torch, and been obliged to blow it out.

"I accidentally heard yesterday morning," said Wemmick, "being in a certain place where I once took you—even between you and me, it's as well not to mention names when avoidable—"

"Much better not," said I. "I understand you."

"I heard there, by chance, yesterday morning," said Wemmick, "that a certain person not altogether of uncolonial pursuits, and not unpossessed of portable property—I don't know who it may really be—we won't name this person—"



"LOOK HERE," SAID HERBERT.

"Not necessary," said I.

"—had made some little stir in a certain part of the world where a good many people go, not always in gratification of their own inclinations, and not quite irrespective of the government expense—"

In watching his face I made quite a fire-work of the Aged's sausage, and greatly discomposed both my own attention and Wemmick's; for which I apologized.

"—by disappearing from such place, and being no more heard of thereabouts. From which," said Wemmick, "conjectures had been raised and theories formed. I also heard that you at your chambers in Garden Court, Temple, had been watched, and might be watched again."

"By whom?" said I.

"I wouldn't go into that," said Wemmick, evasively, "it might clash with official responsibilities. I heard it, as I have in my time heard other curious things in the same place. I don't tell it you on information received. I heard it."

He took the toasting-fork and sausage from me as he spoke, and set forth the Aged's breakfast neatly on a little tray. Previous to placing it before him he went into the Aged's room with a clean white cloth, and tied the same under the old gentleman's chin, and propped him up, and put his night-cap on one side, and gave him quite a rakish air. Then he placed his breakfast before him with great care, and said, "All right, ain't you, Aged P.?" To which the cheerful Aged replied, "All right, John, my boy, all right!" As there seemed to be a tacit understanding that the Aged was not in a presentable state, and was therefore to be considered invisible, I made a pretense of being in complete ignorance of these proceedings.

"This watching of me at my chambers (which I have once had reason to suspect)," I said to Wemmick when he came back, "is inseparable from the person to whom you have adverted; is it?"

Wemmick looked very grave. "I couldn't undertake to say that of my own knowledge. I mean, I couldn't undertake to say it was at first. But it either is, or it will be, or it's in great danger of being."

As I saw that he was restrained by fealty to Little Britain from saying as much as he could, and as I knew with thankfulness to him how far out of his way he went to say what he did, I could not press him. But I told him, after a little meditation over the fire, that I would like to ask him a question subject to his answering or not answering, as he deemed right, and sure that his course would be right. He paused in his breakfast, and crossing his arms, and pinching his shirt-sleeves (his notion of in-door comfort was to sit without any coat), he nodded to me once, to put my question.

"You have heard of a man of bad character, whose true name is Compeyson?"

He answered with one other nod.

"Is he living?"

One other nod.

"Is he in London?"

He gave me one other nod, compressed the post-office exceedingly, gave me one last nod, and went on with his breakfast.

"Now," said Wemmick, "questioning being over"—which he emphasized and repeated for my guidance—"I come to what I did after hearing what I heard. I went to Garden Court to find you; not finding you, I went to Clarriker's to find Mr. Herbert."

"And him you found?" said I, with great anxiety.

"And him I found. Without mentioning any names or going into any details, I gave him to understand that if he was aware of any body—Tom, Jack, or Richard—being about the chambers, or about the immediate neighborhood, he had better get Tom, Jack, or Richard out of the way while you were out of the way."

"He would be greatly puzzled what to do?"

"He *was* puzzled what to do; not the less because I gave him my opinion that it was not safe to try to get Tom, Jack, or Richard too far out of the way at present. Mr. Pip, I'll tell you something. Under existing circumstances there is no place like a great city when you are once in it. Don't break cover too soon. Lie close. Wait till things slacken before you try the open, even for foreign air."

I thanked him for his valuable advice, and asked him what Herbert had done.

"Mr. Herbert," said Wemmick, "after being all of a heap for half an hour, struck out a plan. He mentioned to me as a secret, that he is courting a young lady who has, as no doubt you are aware, a bedridden Pa. Which Pa having been in the Purser line of life, lies abed in a bow-window where he can see the ships sail up and down the river. You are acquainted with the young lady, most probably?"

"Not personally," said I.

The truth was, that she had objected to me as an expensive companion who did Herbert no good, and that when Herbert had first proposed to present me to her she had received the proposal with such very moderate warmth that Herbert had felt himself obliged to confide the state of the case to me, with a view to the passage of a little time before I made her acquaintance. When I had begun to advance Herbert's prospects by stealth, I had been able to bear this with cheerful philosophy; he and his affianced, for their part, had naturally not been very anxious to introduce a third person into their interviews; and thus, although I was assured that I had risen in Clara's esteem, and although the young lady and I had long regularly interchanged messages and remembrances by Herbert, I had never seen her. However, I did not trouble Wemmick with these particulars.

"The house with the bow-window," said Wemmick, "being by the river-side, down the Pool there between Limehouse and Greenwich, and being kept, it seems, by a very hospitable widow who has a furnished upper floor to let, Mr. Herbert put it to me, what did I think of that as a temporary tenement for Tom, Jack, or Richard? Now I thought very well of it, for three reasons I'll give you. That is to say: *Firstly*, It's altogether out of all your beats, and is well away from the usual heap of streets great and small. *Secondly*, Without going near it yourself, you could always hear of the safety of Tom, Jack, or Richard, through Mr. Herbert. *Thirdly*, After a while, and when it might be prudent, if you should want to slip Tom, Jack, or Richard on board a foreign packet-boat, there he is—ready."

Much comforted by these considerations, I thanked Wemmick again and again, and begged him to proceed.

"Well, Sir! Mr. Herbert threw himself into the business with a will, and by nine o'clock last night he housed Tom, Jack, or Richard—whichever it may be—you and I don't want to know—quite successfully. At the old lodgings it was understood that he was summoned to Dover, and, in fact, he was taken down the Dover road and cornered out of it. Now, another great advantage of all this is, that it was done without you, and when, if any one was concerning himself about your movements, you must be known to be ever so many miles off and quite otherwise engaged. This diverts suspicion and confuses it; and for the same reason I recommended that even if you came back last night you should not go home. It brings in more confusion, and you want confusion."

Wemmick, having finished his breakfast, here looked at his watch, and began to get his coat on.

"And now, Mr. Pip," said he, with his hands still in the sleeves, "I have probably done the most I can do; but if I can ever do more—from a Walworth point of view, and in a strictly private and personal capacity—I shall be glad to do it. Here's the address. There can be no harm in your going here to-night and seeing for yourself that all is well with Tom, Jack, or Richard, before you go home—which is another reason for your not going home last night. But after you have gone home, don't go back here. You are very welcome, I am sure, Mr. Pip;" his hands were now out of his sleeves, and I was shaking them; "and let me finally impress one important point upon you." He laid his hands upon my shoulders, and added in a solemn whisper: "Avail yourself of this evening to lay hold of his portable property. You don't know what may happen to him. Don't let any thing happen to the portable property."

Quite despairing of making my mind clear to Wemmick on this point, I forbore to try.

"Time's up," said Wemmick, "and I must be off. If you had nothing more pressing to do than to keep here till dark, that's what I should advise. You look very much worried, and it would do you good to have a perfectly quiet day with the Aged—he'll be up presently—and a little bit of—you remember the pig?"

"Of course," said I.

"Well; and a little bit of *him*. That sausage you tasted was his, and he was in all respects a first-rater. Do try him, if it is only for old acquaintance sake. Good-by, Aged Parent!" in a cheery shout.

"All right, John; all right, my boy!" piped the old man from within.

I soon fell asleep before Wemmick's fire, and the Aged and I enjoyed one another's society by falling asleep before it more or less all day. We had loin of pork for dinner, and greens grown on the estate, and I nodded at the Aged with a good intention whenever I failed to do it accidentally. When it was quite dark, I left the Aged preparing the fire for toast; and I inferred from the number of tea-cups, as well as from his glances at the two little doors in the wall, that Miss Skiffins was expected.

CHAPTER XLV.

Eight o'clock had struck before I got into the air that was scented, not disagreeably, by the chips and shavings of the long-shore boat-builders, and mast, oar, and block makers. All that water-side region of the upper and lower Pool below bridge was unknown ground to me, and when I struck down by the river, I found that the spot I wanted was not where I had supposed it to be, and was any thing but easy to find. It was called Mill Pond Bank, Chinks's Basin; and I had no other guide to Chinks's Basin than the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk.

It matters not what stranded ships repairing in dry docks I lost myself among, what old hulls of ships in course of being knocked to pieces, what ooze and slime and other dregs of tide, what yards of ship-builders and ship-breakers, what rusty anchors blindly biting into the ground though for years off duty, what mountainous country of accumulated casks and timber, and how many rope-walks that were not the Old Green Copper. After several times falling short of my destination and as often over-shooting it, I came unexpectedly round a corner upon Mill Pond Bank. It was a fresh kind of place, all circumstances considered, where the wind from the river had room to turn itself round; and there were two or three trees in it, and there was the stump of a ruined wind-mill, and there was the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk—whose long and narrow vista I could trace in the moonlight, through a series of wooden frames set in the ground, that looked like infirm hay-making rakes which had grown old and lost most of their teeth.

Selecting from the few queer houses upon Mill Pond Bank a house with a wooden front and three stories of bow-windows (not bay-windows, which is another thing), I looked at the plate upon the door, and read there, Mrs. Whimple. That being the name I wanted, I knocked, and an elderly woman of a pleasant and thriving appearance responded. She was immediately deposed, however, by Herbert, with his finger on his lip, who led me into the parlor and shut the door. It was an odd sensation to see his very familiar face established quite at home in that very unfamiliar room and region; and I found myself looking at him, much as I looked at the corner cupboard with the glass and china, the shells upon the chimney-piece, and the colored engravings on the wall, representing the death of Captain Cook, a ship launch, and his Majesty King George Third in a coachman's wig, leather-breeches, top-boots, and profile, on the terrace at Windsor.

"All is well, Handel," said Herbert, "and he is quite satisfied, though eager to see you. My dear girl is with her father; if you'll wait till she comes down I'll make you known to her, and then we'll go up stairs. *That's* her father!"

I had become aware of an alarming growling overhead, and had probably expressed the fact in my countenance.

"I am afraid he is a sad old rascal," said Herbert, smiling, "but I have never seen him. Don't you smell rum? He is always at it."

"At rum?" said I.

"Yes," returned Herbert, "and you may suppose how mild it makes his gout. He persists, too, in keeping all the provisions up stairs in his room, and serving them out. He keeps them on shelves over his head, and *will* weigh them all. His room must be like a chandler's shop."

While he thus spoke, the growling noise became a prolonged roar, and then died away.

"What else can be the consequence," said Herbert, in explanation, "if he *will* cut the cheese? A man with the gout in his right hand—and every where else—can't expect to get through a Double Gloucester without hurting himself."

He seemed to have hurt himself very much, for he gave another furious roar.

"To have Provis for an upper lodger is quite a godsend to Mrs. Whimple," said Herbert, "for of course people in general won't stand that noise. A curious place, Handel; isn't it?"

It was a curious place, indeed; but remarkably well kept and clean.

"Mrs. Whimple," said Herbert, when I told him so, "is the best of housewives, and I really do not know what my Clara would do without her motherly help. For Clara has no mother of her own, Handel, and no relation in the world but old Gruffandgrim."

"Surely that's not his name, Herbert?"

"No, no," said Herbert, "that's my name for him. His name is Mr. Barley. But what a blessing it is for the son of my father and mother to love a girl who has no relations, and who can never bother herself, or any body else, about her family!"

Herbert had told me on former occasions, and now reminded me, that he first knew Miss Clara Barley when she was completing her education at an establishment at Hammersmith, and that on her being recalled home to nurse her father, he and she had confided their affection to the motherly Mrs. Whimple, by whom it had been fostered and regulated with equal kindness and discretion, ever since. It was understood that nothing of a tender nature could possibly be confided to Old Barley, by reason of his being unequal to the consideration of any subject more psychological than Gout, Rum, and Purser's stores.

As we were thus conversing in a low tone while Old Barley's sustained growl vibrated in the beam that crossed the ceiling, the room door opened, and a very pretty slight dark-eyed girl of twenty or so came in with a basket in her hand: whom Herbert tenderly relieved of the basket, and presented blushing, as "Clara." She really was a most charming girl, and might have passed for a captive fairy whom that truculent Ogre, Old Barley, had pressed into his service.

"Look here," said Herbert, showing me the basket with a smile after we had talked a little; "here's poor Clara's supper, served out every night. Here's her allowance of bread, and here's her slice of cheese, and here's her rum—which I drink. This is Mr. Barley's breakfast for tomorrow, served out to be cooked. Two mutton-chops, three potatoes, some split pease, a little flour, two ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, and all this black pepper. It's stewed up together and taken hot, and it's a nice thing for the gout, I should think!"

There was something so natural and winning in Clara's resigned way of looking at these stores in detail, as Herbert pointed them out, and something so confiding, loving, and innocent in her modest manner of yielding herself to Herbert's embracing arm—and something so gentle in her, so much needing protection on Mill Pond Bank, by Chinks's Basin and the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk, with Old Barley growling in the beam—that I would not have undone the engagement between her and Herbert for all the money in the pocket-book I had never opened.

I was looking at her with pleasure and admiration when suddenly the growl swelled into a roar again, and a frightful bumping noise was heard above, as if a giant with a wooden leg were trying to bore it through the ceiling to come at us. Upon this Clara said to Herbert, "Papa wants me, darling!" and ran away.

"There's an unconscionable old shark for you!" said Herbert. "What do you suppose he wants now, Handel?"

"I don't know," said I. "Something to drink?"

"That's it!" cried Herbert, as if I had made a guess of extraordinary merit. "He keeps his grog ready-mixed in a little tub on the table. Wait a moment, and you'll hear Clara lift him up to take some. There he goes!" Another roar, with a prolonged shake at the end. "Now," said Herbert, as it was succeeded by silence, "he's drinking. Now," said Herbert, as the growl resounded in the beam once more, "he's down again on his back!"

Clara returning soon afterward, Herbert accompanied me up stairs to see our charge. As we passed Mr. Barley's door, he was heard hoarsely muttering within, in a strain that rose and fell like wind, the following Refrain; in which I substitute good wishes for something quite the reverse.

"Ahoy! Bless your eyes, here's old Bill Barley! Here's old Bill Barley, bless your eyes! Here's old Bill Barley on the flat of his back, by the Lord! Lying on the flat of his back, like a drifting old dead flounder, here's your old Bill Barley, bless your eyes! Ahoy! Bless you!"

In this strain of consolation Herbert informed me the invisible Barley would commune with himself by the day and night together; often, while it was light, having at the same time one eye at a telescope which was fitted on his bed for the convenience of sweeping the river.

In his two cabin rooms at the top of the house, which were fresh and airy, and in which Mr. Barley was less audible than below, I found Provis comfortably settled. He expressed no alarm, and seemed to feel none that was worth mentioning; but it struck me that he was softened—indefinably, for I could not have said how, and could never afterward recall how, when I tried; but certainly.

The opportunity that the day's rest had given me for reflection had resulted in my fully determining to say nothing to him respecting Compeyson. For any thing I knew, his animosity toward the man might otherwise lead to his seeking him out and rushing on his own destruction. Therefore, when Herbert and I sat down with him by his fire, I asked him first of all whether he relied on Wemmick's judgment and sources of information?

"Ay, ay, dear boy!" he answered, with a grave nod, "Jaggers's knows."

"Then I have talked with Wemmick," said I, "and have come to tell you what caution he gave me, and what advice."

This I did accurately, with the reservation just mentioned; and I told him how Wemmick had heard, in Newgate prison (whether from officers or prisoners I could not say), that he was under some suspicion, and that my chambers had been watched; how Wemmick had recommended his keeping close for a time, and my keeping away from him; and what Wemmick had said about getting him abroad. I added, that of course, when the time came, I should go with him, or should follow close upon him, as might be safest in Wemmick's judgment. What was to follow that I did not touch upon; neither indeed was I at all clear or comfortable about it in my own mind, now that I saw him in that softer condition, and in declared peril for my sake. As to altering my way of living, by enlarging my expenses, I put it to him whether, in our present unsettled and difficult circumstances it would not be simply ridiculous, if it were no worse?

He could not deny this, and indeed was very reasonable throughout. His coming back was a venture, he said, and he had always known it to be a venture. He would do nothing to make it a desperate venture, and he had very little fear of his safety with such good help.

Herbert, who had been looking at the fire and pondering, here said that something had come into his thoughts arising out of Wemmick's suggestion, which it might be worth while to pursue. "We are both good watermen, Handel, and could take him down the river ourselves when the right time comes. No boat would then be hired for the purpose, and no boatmen; that would save at least a chance of suspicion, and any chance is worth saving. Never mind the season; don't you think it might be a good thing if you began at once to keep a boat at the Temple stairs, and were in the habit of rowing up and down the river? You fall into that habit, and then who notices or minds? Do it twenty times or fifty times, and there is nothing special in your doing it the twenty-first or fifty-first."

I liked this scheme, and Provis was quite elated by it. We agreed that it should be carried into execution, and that Provis should never recognize us if we came below-bridge and rowed past Mill Pond Bank. But we further agreed that he should pull down the blind in that part of his window which gave upon the east, whenever he saw us and all was right.

Our conference being now ended, and every thing arranged, I rose to go; remarking to Herbert that he and I had better not go home together, and that I would take half an hour's start of him. "I don't like to leave you here," I said to Provis, "though I can not doubt your being safer here than near me. Good-by!"

"Dear boy," he answered, clasping my hands, "I don't know when we may meet again, and I don't like Good-by. Say Good-night!"

"Good-night! Herbert will go regularly between us, and when the time comes you may be certain I shall be ready. Good-night, Good-night!"

We thought it best that he should stay in his own rooms, and we left him on the landing outside his door, holding a light over the stair-rail to light us down stairs. Looking back at him, I thought of that first night of his return when our positions were reversed, and when I little supposed my heart could ever be as heavy and anxious at parting from him as it was now.

Old Barley was growling and swearing when we repassed his door, with no appearance of having ceased, or of meaning to cease. When we got to the foot of the stairs, I asked Herbert whether he had preserved the name of Provis? He replied, certainly not, and that the lodger was Mr. Campbell. He also explained that the utmost known of Mr. Campbell there was, that he (Herbert) had Mr. Campbell consigned to him; and felt a strong personal interest in his being well cared for and living a secluded life. So when we went into the parlor, where Mrs. Whimple and Clara were seated at work, I said nothing of my own interest in Mr. Campbell, but kept it to myself.

When I had taken leave of the pretty, gentle, dark-eyed girl, and the motherly woman who had not outlived her honest sympathy with a little affair of true love, I felt as if the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk had grown quite a different place. Old Barley might be as old as the hills, and might swear like a whole field of troopers, but there were redeeming youth and trust and hope enough in Chinks's Basin to fill it to overflowing. And then I thought of Estella, and of our parting, and went home very sadly.

All things were as quiet in the Temple as ever I had seen them. The windows of the rooms on that side, lately occupied by Provis, were dark and still, and there was no lounger in Garden Court. I walked past the fountain twice or thrice before I descended the steps that were between me and my rooms, but I was quite alone. Herbert coming to my bedside when he came in—for I went straight to bed, dispirited and fatigued—made the same report. Opening one of the windows after that, he looked out into the moonlight, and told me that the pavement was as solemnly empty as the pavement of any Cathedral at that same hour.

Next day I set myself to get the boat. It was soon done, and the boat was brought round to the Temple stairs, and lay where I could reach her within a minute or two. Then I began to go out, as for training and practice; sometimes alone, sometimes with Herbert. I was often out in cold, rain, and sleet, but nobody took much note of me after I had been out a few times. At first I kept above Blackfriars Bridge; but as the hours of the tides changed I took toward London Bridge. It was Old London Bridge in those days, and at certain states of the tide there was a race and fall of water there which gave it a bad reputation. But I knew well enough how to "shoot" the bridge after seeing it done, and so began to row about among the shipping in the Pool, and down to Erith. The first time I passed Mill Pond Bank, Herbert and I were pulling a pair of oars; and, both in going and returning, we saw the blind toward the east come down. Herbert was rarely there less frequently than three times in a week, and he never brought me a single word of intelligence that was at all alarming. Still I knew that there was cause for alarm, and I could not get rid of the notion of being watched. Once received, it is a haunting idea; and how many undesigning persons I suspected of watching me it would be hard to calculate.

In short, I was always full of fears for the rash man who was in hiding. Herbert had sometimes said to me that he found it pleasant to stand at one of our windows after dark, when the tide was running down, and to think that it was flowing, with every thing it bore, toward Clara. But I thought with dread that it was flowing toward Magwitch, and that any black mark on its surface might be his pursuers, going swiftly, silently, and surely to take him.

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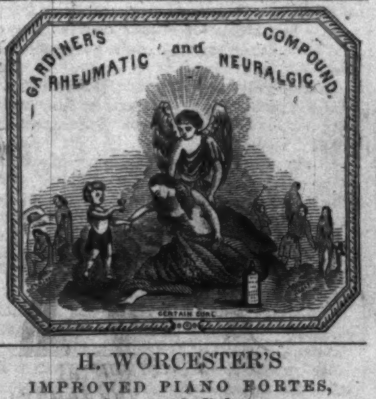

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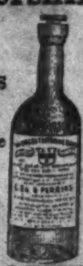

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